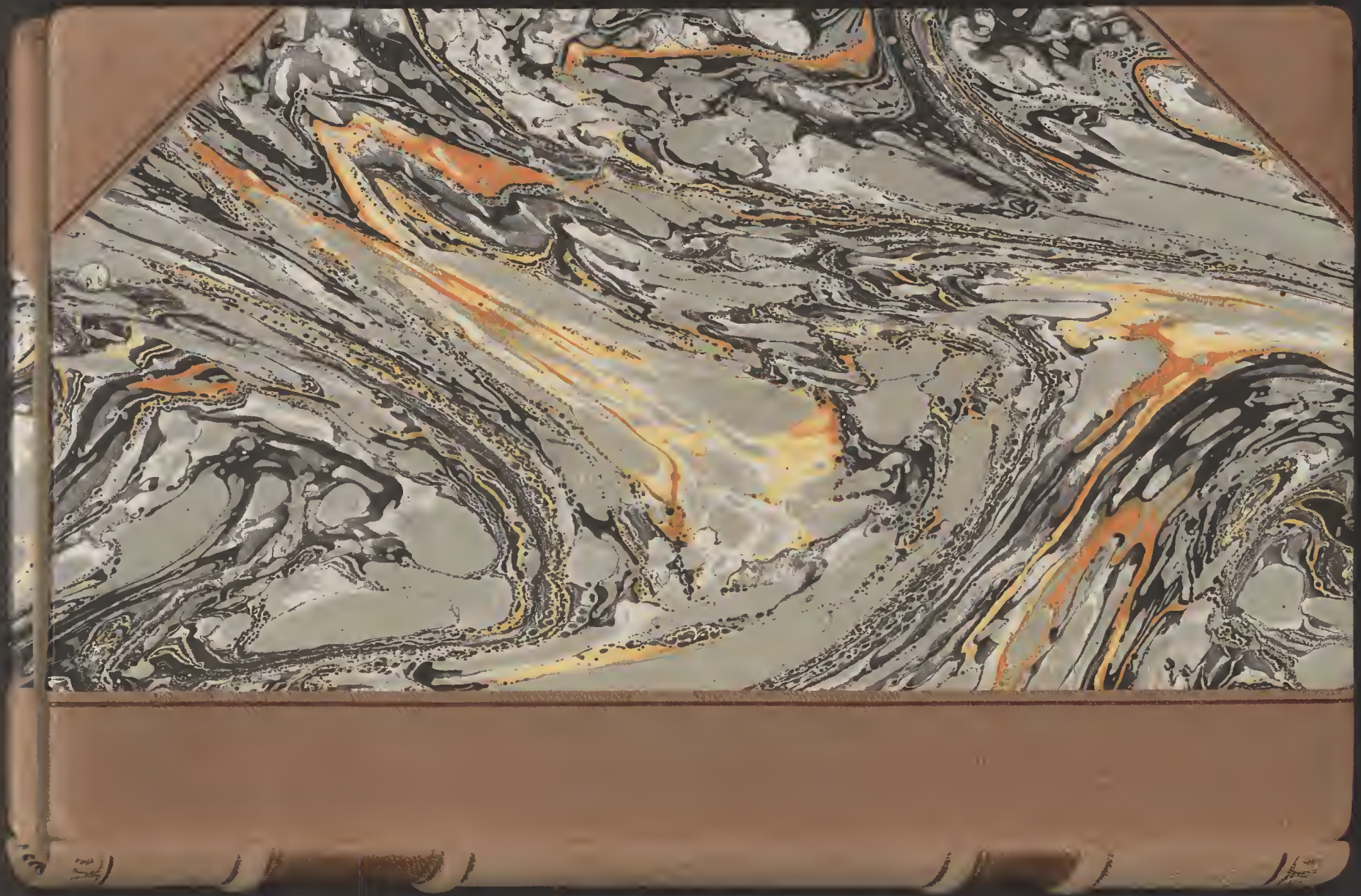

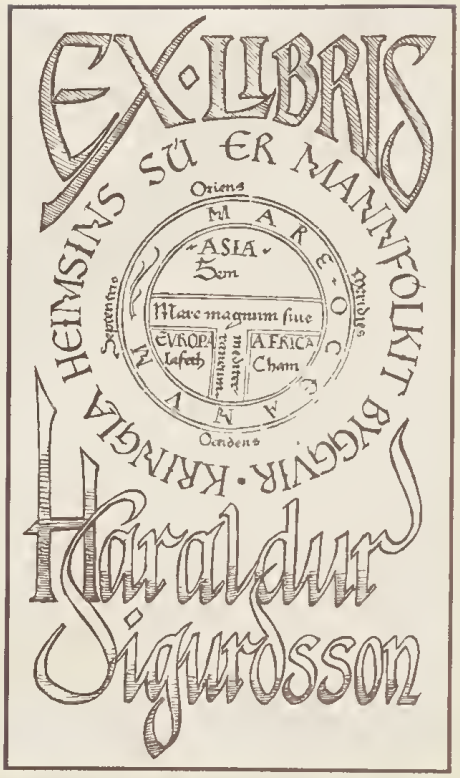
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Hecla from the Westman Islands

14th June, 1850

NOTES

OF THE

CRUISE OF THE "CAPRICE" YACHT,

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB,

TO

ICELAND AND NORWAY,

IN THE

SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1850.

"A strong Nor'wester's blowing, Bill.
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord love 'em! how I pities all
Unhappy folks ashore now."

DUBLIN:
ALEXANDER THOM, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
87, ABBEY-STREET.

1851.

TO

SIR JOHN KINGSTON JAMES, BART.,

&c., &c.

My Dear Sir John,

I trust you will not accuse me of vanity in desiring to dedicate to you the following rough notes of my voyage in the "Caprice" during last summer, written as they were in the hurry of the circumstances in which we were placed, and often under the unfavourable adjuncts of cold and wet weather. Having a lively recollection of the kind manner in which you permitted my friend Benjamin to be my fellow-voyager for a long and stormy cruise; and, moreover, bearing in remembrance your kind attention to our comforts, in sending on board some of the *agremens* of civilized life, which often afterwards tended to cheer us amidst the gloomy billows of a northern ocean;

and as the countries we visited afforded nothing worth your acceptance, I am tempted to offer you the Log of our Cruise, not so much in expectation that you will glean aught of interest from its pages, as that you will no doubt feel a certain degree of gratification in perusing them, as the name of B. R. JAMES will be often before you.

Believe me, my Dear SIR JOHN,

Yours very faithfully,

W. T. P.

July 15, 1851.

NOTES

OF THE

CRUISE OF THE "CAPRICE" YACHT.

INTRODUCTION.

Having passed the summer of 1849 in comparative idleness, if we except the attendance on her Majesty Queen Victoria, during her visit to Dublin in the month of August of that year, the good ship "Caprice" commenced fitting out for a cruise in the Northern Ocean early in the month of April, 1850. Our first destination was Iceland; and our future movements, depending on circumstances which might attend our visit to its frozen shores, were of course veiled in uncertainty. We had some hopes of being able to visit the coast of Greenland, and part of Baffin's Bay; and visions of recovering the long-lost Franklin and his companions were floating about in the minds of all, and furnished an inexhaustible topic for idle hours, as well as for jocose remarks on the most equitable mode of

sharing the £20,000, to which we would thus become entitled. Never did crew work more cheerily than did that of the "Caprice," all anxious once more to get her out of the durance vile of the Ringsend Docks, and on Monday, May 13th, with nearly all her stores on board, she sailed down the river, and moored to a buoy in Kingstown Harbour, where her outfit was completed, and nothing left undone which could render our voyage comfortable and successful. We were, through the kindness of Captain Hamilton, secretary to the Admiralty, furnished with the Return of the Reports relative to the Arctic Expedition, as ordered by the House of Commons in the month of March, 1850, with a view to enable us to collect any possible information respecting the missing expedition of Sir John Franklin. Our crew were all picked men, numbering twelve, together with the boy Bill, and my guest and companion, Mr. B. R. James. There was considerable interest and excitement evinced by our own immediate friends, the members of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, and others, at the event of the departure of, I believe, the first yacht which ever sailed direct from Dublin to Iceland.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

May 18, 1850.—Although the "Blue Peter" had been fluttering away at our mast-head since daylight, it was not until three o'clock, P.M., that, with the wind light and variable, we slipped from our buoy, and stood out of Kingstown Harbour, bound for Iceland. Our friends, who had been anxiously waiting to witness our departure, had assembled on and around the lighthouse on the east pier-head, and from the balcony thereof numerous handkerchiefs of various hues waved in the breeze, while the boas of some of our fair friends exhibited their slender forms in tortuous flourishes; and one wag, the brother of my fellow-voyager, struck the fog-bell on the pier with any thing but a joyous peal. At four o'clock, P.M., all hands were called below to sign articles; the cutter was hoisted in; and at five o'clock, P.M., we passed the Baily with the wind light at south-east, and steady, which enabled us to set the squaresail.

Sunday, May 19*th.*—After light and baffling

winds during the night, a nice breeze sprang up this morning, at eight o'clock, from the south-east, and we slipped along seven knots in smooth water, and at ten o'clock, A. M., we were abreast the North and South Rock. At eleven o'clock, set squaresail; and at two o'clock, P.M., abreast the Copeland. At five o'clock, P.M., wind light, off Larne; six o'clock, P.M., passed the Maidens. The wind, however, now began to die away, and we found ourselves at ten o'clock, P.M., becalmed off Ballycastle. Eleven o'clock, P.M., still calm, but every thing looks like wind.

Monday, May 20th.—One o'clock, A.M., light airs, and variable, which gradually increased to a strong breeze at east-south-east, and at three o'clock, A.M., we were under two-reefed mainsail and fourth jib. At half-past seven, A.M., took our departure, Ennistraul bearing south-south-west, distant seven miles, and stood away north by west. Noon, had an observation, and found the ship to have been going nine knots, by patent log, since we took our departure. One o'clock, P.M., the wind veered round to north-east, which obliged us to lay on our course close hauled, with a considerable sea running. At five o'clock, P.M., breeze increasing, hauled down a third reef in mainsail, shifted jibs, and prepared for rougher weather; rate, per patent log, seven knots. Mid-

night, wind freshened, with heavy cross sea, and the vessel laboured so heavily we hove-to for nearly three hours.

Tuesday, May 21st.—Breeze still very strong, with nasty rolling sea. At four o'clock, A.M., passed a Norwegian schooner going south-west; this was the second sail we had seen since we left the Irish land, and it shall probably be the last for some days to come. A fish, of the hake species, was washed right on board this morning. At one o'clock, P.M., the sea became a little more "true;" we consequently get along more pleasantly, but the wind sticks steadily to the old point—north-east—barely enabling us to lay our course, and continued fresh during the remainder of the day, with hazy weather and a little rain. At five o'clock, P.M., saw one or two whales, and that species of gull called "fulmar," chiefly known in the latitudes of St. Kilda and the Northern Hebrides.

Wednesday, May 22nd.—This morning set in at daybreak with the wind light, and then drew round to the southward and eastward, which enabled us to set the squaresail, and we went along four knots in smooth water. At eight o'clock, A.M., saw several large whales, one of which passed close alongside, leaving a wake like that of a large steamer. We had no observation

yesterday; and although there is a clear and well-defined horizon this day, there is as yet no probability of the sun showing out of a cloudy northern sky. Noon, the sky did clear off, and we got an observation. At two o'clock, P.M., passed a schooner going to the westward; light airs at east, and mild weather. At six o'clock, P.M., had an observation for longitude; wind veered a little to the northward, took in square-sail, set foresail and second gaff-topsail, and the breeze freshening, we dashed along merrily on our course. At eight o'clock, P.M., by reckoning and observation, we have still 320 miles to run. Eleven o'clock, P.M., fresh breeze and smooth water, making seven knots.

Thursday, May 23rd.—The wind continued freshening during the latter part of the night, and at four o'clock, A.M., got up to half a gale; lowered away mainsail, set trysail and fourth jib. The breeze continued strong, with a heavy sea and cold weather, until four o'clock, P.M., when the vessel was hove-to under trysail and storm-jib. Numberless gulls of various kinds are almost coming aboard of us, and amongst them the fine black gull common in these latitudes, and also that species familiarly known by the name "bosun" (boatswain). Five o'clock, P.M., the vessel rolling and pitching, and my com-

panion is endeavouring to pace the cabin, evidently in a very perturbed state of mind, through fear, not of a watery grave, but of being cheated out of a comfortable dinner. Half-past six o'clock, P.M., the wind, which had been raging with such violence since midnight, now began to moderate; we set the foresail, and got the vessel on her course. Shortly the sea also began to go down so fast, that at eight o'clock, P.M., it was fair, the sun shining out, and moderate weather. The sun this evening makes his exit in the north-north-west by compass, falsifying the maxim of our schoolboy days of his always rising in the east and setting in the west. The thermometer is this evening down to 48½, ten degrees lower than on the day of our departure from Dublin, a change of temperature by no means agreeable; the more so, as, if we even had a fire in the cabin, the rolling of the ship would not allow us to take advantage of its kindly warmth. The evening getting milder, my companion and I went on deck, and just in time to witness such a sight as had never before fallen to the lot of either of us, viz.—a glorious northern sunset, indescribable for its transcendant brilliancy, and the gorgeous colouring of the sky by which it was surrounded; indeed, we both agreed that our voyage from old Ireland, rough and

wild as it had been hitherto, was amply rewarded by this grand spectacle of a sunset in the Northern Ocean. At ten minutes before ten o'clock, Dublin time, the upper limb of the luminary disappeared in the bosom of the troubled waters. The sunset took place exactly north-west by north, true. The vessel was now going seven knots nearly, under trysail, foresail, and fourth jib. This state of things continued till midnight, when light airs and a smooth sea demanded the whole mainsail and gaff-topsail.

Friday, May 24th.—During the entire of the middle and morning watches there was scarcely any wind; but at eight o'clock, A.M., a fine breeze springing up at south-south-west, we made the land distinctly right ahead—a joyful sight to all hands after our rough but prosperous passage. Noon, a thick haze and rain completely obscured the land; a heavy swell has also set in, unaccompanied by much wind. Set squaresail, which we carried till two o'clock, P.M., when the wind veering more to the eastward, we were again obliged to take it in. All eyes were strained towards the land, which the thickness of the atmosphere prevented our seeing. At three o'clock, P.M., rain coming down in torrents, and the thermometer, which got up a little last night, is again descending, and the cold between decks has driven my

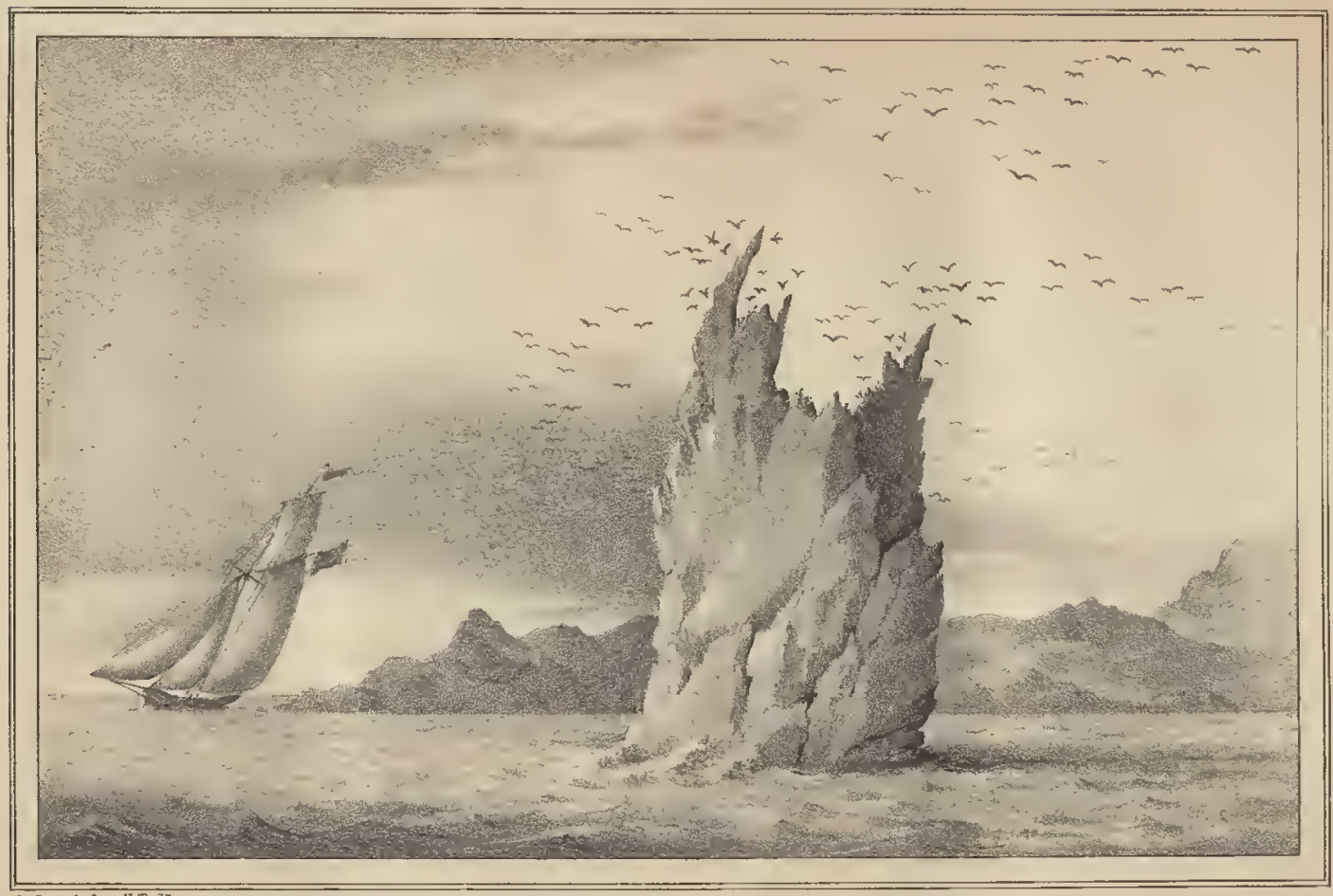
friend Benjamin to the galley fire. At four o'clock, P.M., a short and heavy sea rolling us about:—set squaresail, but although the breeze is apparently strong enough, the ship makes little way, and the weather looks thicker than ever, so as almost to make us doubt if we had at all seen the land this morning. We could get no observation this day. At seven o'clock, P.M., whilst we were at dinner, we heard an unusual bustle on deck, and presently Bill appeared at the cabin door, triumphantly bringing in a little bird of the lark species, which he said he found sleeping on the bowsprit; it was in luck to fall in with the "Caprice," as a watery grave would have been its alternative. At eight o'clock, P.M., the weather clearing off, we made the Westman Islands from the mast head, bearing north-east; their appearance was that of three round clumps of trees, as might be seen at a great distance. I went aloft myself, and on referring to the charts, I found that the three specks in the horizon which had the above-mentioned appearance, consisted of the three lofty peaks of the largest of the group of islands. It is called "Heimacletur," and the peaks are 910 feet above the level of the sea. In celebration of this event, my friend Benjamin and the boy Bill danced a sailor's hornpipe on the square yard, to the dulcet tones of the tambourine.

The palm for exhibiting in this perilous position was of course awarded to Bill, who displayed a surprising degree of fearlessness. The weather appeared now to have cleared, and the sun shines out brightly while I write (ten o'clock, P.M.); there is also a ray of sunshine in the countenances of the crew; and we can enjoy an evening walk on deck, a feat which we could not accomplish during the day, although we had a liberal allowance of sand to prevent slipping. To this latter expedient we were compelled to have recourse during the entire voyage, the continual wash of the sea rendering the decks slippery as glass. Half-past eleven o'clock, P.M.—all becalmed in a heavy swell; pitching bowsprit in every moment; while numerous whales are blowing, spouting, and capering all around. The dip of the needle is become so great as to attract our attention considerably.

Saturday, May 25th.—The calm of last night continued up to four o'clock, A.M., when the breeze freshening at south-east, we stood in north by east half east by compass, for Cape Reikianæs; and at seven o'clock, A.M., got a good sight, which enabled us to determine our position exactly, and showing us to be distant from the Cape forty-two miles. At nine o'clock, A.M., the wind came on strong, with a thick wetting mist cold as the ice

itself: the water is comparatively smooth, and we are "carrying on" every thing, in the endeavour to make the land before the weather gets worse. The bird found on board last evening died this day. The wind began to blow rather fresher during the last hour; so much so, that at half-past ten o'clock, A.M., we are reduced to a close-reefed mainsail, and with our topmast housed, are flying along with the wind a little abaft the beam. Eleven o'clock, A.M., abreast the gigantic masses of rock that compose the Westmanoerne or Westman Islands, which occasionally exhibit their grotesque forms through the haze: there is one rock in particular, which stands far out to the south-west from its fellows, and has all the appearance of a brig under full sail; nor is it without difficulty that a stranger can free himself from the delusion, unless upon a nearer approach to it. Noon—the weather cleared up, and we have a good view of the southern coast to the westward of Hecla; it is entirely covered with snow, with the exception of a few of the rocky eminences possessing a south aspect, and dipping immediately to the sea. "Hecla, the mighty," is "in nubibus" so completely, that we cannot even see the mountains lying in its neighbourhood; but we have no right to grumble, inasmuch as we have the weather sufficiently clear for the

purpose of safe navigation. At three-quarters past three o'clock, P.M., exchanged colours with a Danish schooner, standing to the southward, off Cape Reikianæs; and at four o'clock, P.M., set squaresail, and in an hour after our second gaff topsail; breeze fresh; several large whales about the ship. At half-past eight o'clock we rounded the long-wished-for Cape of Reikianæs, the south-western extremity of Iceland, leaving the remarkable Meyl Sækken, or Meal Sack Rock, on our port-hand, and that no less curious one of Karlsklip on our starboard. During our run for the last twenty or thirty miles along the coast, we had a distinct view of perhaps the most extraordinary barren tract of country in the world, where the valley vies with the mountain in the most intractable ruggedness: we also passed in succession the villages of Kieblevig, Heidersvig, and Grindavig; they are situated close to the sea-shore, but if it were not for a scanty smoke issuing from the half-dozen habitations of which each of the villages consist, they would have been easily mistaken for the broken masses of lava by which they are surrounded. Indeed the wild and extraordinary appearance of this coast, although surpassed in each of its individual characteristics by other countries,—as Norway, the Scottish Highlands, Switzerland, &c.,—nevertheless far



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Karlsklip Rock
off
Cape Kirkianaes 25th May 1850

exceeds any in its general wild character and gloomy grandeur. At three-quarters past ten o'clock, P.M., the sun sank beneath the dark waves of the Faxē Bugten; and although it is now an hour later, I write without aid of lamp or candle: I speak, of course, of Dublin time. My worthy friend Ben proclaims it the "Light of other days." We had a quick run and smooth water for the twenty miles of coast from the Karlsklip rock to the point of Skagen, when the wind headed us as we changed our course more to the eastward, and came on to blow strong, with a high rolling sea. At twelve o'clock, P.M., lowered away topsail, and continued to beat to windward up the bay towards our destination, Reikiavig.

CHAPTER II.

ICELAND.

Sunday, May 26th.—At a quarter-past three o'clock the sun rose up behind the high land to windward, and a more glorious sight can scarcely be imagined. As he began to clear the tops of the mountains, the blue haze which hung over and about them became illuminated with the gorgeous and glowing light, making each appear like a transparent mass of heated metal; and as each of those gigantic masses in succession took this appearance, there was presented to us one of the finest sights imaginable, and which I must utterly fail to describe. However, we were not long permitted to indulge in giving our attention to this novel and extraordinary scene, for presently the wind came off the land with double force, and in strong gusts sweeping the white foam before it; and the sea, which had hitherto been very distressing, was now much worse; yet we carried on, notwithstanding, as long as we could do so, without absolute risk to our spars, the sea making clear breaches over us, and

drenching all hands. Verily this is a rough welcome to the land of ice. The cold was intense; so much so, that I had one of my hands nipped with the frost, and a good deal swollen, and it was not for several weeks that it was quite free from pain. The squalls of wind became so violent and frequent, that at six o'clock, A.M., the vessel was hove-to, and two reefs taken in the mainsail and the foresail, the bowsprit run in, and jibs shifted, when we again dashed away in a cloud of foam. We now began to approach the entrance to the Bay of Reikiavig, and we felt every moment more anxious to get a pilot on board; but although we kept the Pilot-Jack flying, and also spoke several large fishing-boats, in hope of procuring one from them, we could not succeed in our object. At length, just at the mouth of the little bay which forms the harbour, we were boarded by a pilot, and at eight o'clock were laying to an anchor in the Bay of Reikiavig, having made the passage from Kingstown Harbour in the most extraordinary short space of seven days and seventeen hours, the distance being 906 miles.

We were agreeably surprised to find the little bay with its bosom smooth as a looking-glass, scarcely an air of wind, and a comparatively warm sun; but after being without sleep since the night of Friday, and after passing the last

night in wet, cold, and anxiety, we quickly sought our berths, and "turned in," fully determined to make up for lost time, and desiring the steward to call us up for breakfast at twelve o'clock. Shortly after breakfast the commander of a French war-cutter, laying alongside, came to call on us. He seems a very nice person, and I asked him to dine. I ordered a leg of Irish mutton, roast, and plum-pudding, for his dinner. The leg of mutton was brought from Dublin, fresh, and in good order. At two o'clock, P.M., went ashore, and paid our respects to the governor of the kingdom, the Count Trampe, and afterwards made one or two calls on other individuals in the town. In the evening the French officer, M. Pothuan, came on board to dinner, and we found him a most agreeable companion, and a thorough gentleman; in fact, very little of a Frenchman in any way.

Monday, May 27th.—Went ashore to the town —if a little fishing village of wooden cottages can be called so; nevertheless, Reikiavig is the capital city of Iceland. I called on a Mr. Thergusen, a Danish merchant, and the proprietor of the "Lax Aaa," or Salmon River, when he not only gave us permission to fish when the season shall have set in, but also very kindly accompanied us to see the river. We started on foot, and Mr. Ther-

Forster Lith. Crow St. Dublin

Reikiavig.

May. 1856.

gusen on horseback; and on seeing the river, and ascertaining the best places to fish when the finny monsters come up from the sea, we returned on board after a very pleasant excursion, and in the evening were joined by our friend Mr. Thergusen at dinner.

Tuesday, May 28th.—As our chief object was to pass away the time which must elapse before our preparations for a journey to the Great Geyser could be completed, and as nothing very interesting presented itself, we this morning, after an early breakfast, started on foot for the Lax Aaa river. I was accompanied, of course, by my friend Benjamin, as also by Mr. Trout, the captain of the yacht, who were both equipped with guns, while I armed myself with fishing-rod and gaff. The walk to the river is rather an agreeable one of about four English miles; and after spending the day very much to our taste on its rocky banks, we returned to the vessel laden with the results of our occupation, Ben and the captain having procured some curlew and golden plover, while my attendant was laden with two small grilse, and seventeen trout. We were obliged to leave our sport much earlier than we wished, as we were engaged to dine with M. Pothuan on board his ship the "Mutin." We found the Count Trampe, the newly-arrived

governor, and also Herr Christensen, the chief justice, were to be of the party. Dinner was served about eight o'clock, and nothing could be nicer than our entertainment. The variety of the wines was only equalled by the variety of languages spoken by the various members of the party. Some there were who spoke the Danish language only, as the chief justice; some, like myself, who spoke the same badly; some who spoke the language of the "Grande Nation;" and some a mixture of all; our host, the commander, being the only person who could make himself intelligible to all parties present. Such a confusion of tongues! —such a Babel as that snug little cabin on board of the old "Mutin" presented on that merry occasion! The chief justice addressing his neighbours in Latin, which they understood not; Ben speaking French to the count, which he comprehended not; myself speaking Danish to the chief justice, when I might as well have addressed him in English! and, in truth, Ben accuses me of having in a moment of unguarded excitement clapped the chief justice of all Iceland on the back, and pronounced him to be a "regular brick." However, with an extraordinary amount of laughing and jabbering, the evening passed most pleasantly; and I took my leave,

inviting the governor, with the countess, together with M. Pothuan and his first lieutenant, to a *dejeuner* on board the "Caprice" on the morrow.

Wednesday, May 29th.—This morning opened with a whole gale of wind. Our young friends from the "Mutin," viz., the surgeon and a middy, came on board to breakfast. Great were the preparations for the *dejeuner:* both the cook and the steward were overwhelmed in embryo tarts, pies, and jellies. But the elements were determined that the governor of Iceland should neither partake of the delicacies so artistically got up by the one, or be electrified by the quick attention of the other; in a word, a hurricane prevailed to such an extent that we could hold no communication with the town, and consequently our grand party was adjourned *sine die.* At one o'clock, P.M., M. Pothuan contrived to get over from his own ship to ours. He remained nearly two hours. He endeavoured to induce me to sail in company with him round the west and north coast, whither he was going, to look after the wants of the numerous fleet of French fishing-boats that are following their perilous calling around those inhospitable shores. Although I should have liked much to have gone with him, yet from the information I received on shore, I was led to expect that the coast to the north-

ward was beset with ice; and I afterwards learned that, after a vain attempt to pass to the northward, he was obliged to return again by the south coast.

As we have determined to commence our journey to the Geysers to-morrow, great is the bustle of preparation on all sides. The captain (Trout) is to accompany us. Benjamin's portmanteau is to contain six days' provisions, consisting of dried beef, dried tongues, biscuit, bread, tea, coffee, brandy, and other things too numerous to mention. We are also provided with a tent, guns, and I can't say how many etceteras. We have engaged six horses; and if the weather favours, we hope to perform the journey to Hecla and Geyser within eight days, or at most ten. It is still blowing hard; there are several vessels in the offing, and a considerable number in harbour, nearly all of which have arrived since we came here. The season for shipping to arrive is just commencing; but as all of them are Danish, and have left their various ports in the south probably long before we sailed from Ireland, we can expect no news from home; nor is there much chance of our being able to send letters, as none of those vessels now here will return for weeks to come. The weather is fearfully cold this day, and we are indulging in the luxury of a good

coal fire in the cabin, which we have hitherto enjoyed only after dinner.

Thursday, May 30th.—We were on shore at half-past ten o'clock, A.M., with our tent, baggage, and provisions, for the journey to the Geysers, and at twelve o'clock, noon, our cavalcade emerged from a dense crowd of the junior members of the population of Reikiavig. The aforesaid cavalcade consisted of six horses, of which one was for the guide, two for the baggage, Ben, Mr. Trout, and myself, mounting the remaining three. Our guide and his dog Nero took the lead, with his two pack-horses following; myself and Ben, with the captain, bringing up the rear; and thus in single file we wound our way out of the capital of all Iceland, and struck off into the barren wilderness of the interior. Leaving Reikiavig about four English miles behind, we entered upon a wild and uninhabited waste, cut up into deep ravines, and interspersed with small gloomy lakes and foaming rivers, the whole surface of the country exhibiting a perfect picture of desolation—large boulders, ashes, cinders, and vitrified rocks. About three hours from Reikiavig our way lay along the edge of a tremendous chasm, which formed the bed of a mountain stream: it was the first of those fearful fissures we had seen, but we soon became familiar with things of this description. At five o'clock our

guide proclaimed the welcome tidings of our being half way on our day's journey to the first stopping-place of Thingavalla; and having called a halt, he proceeded to unload his pack-horses, and turn them to pick a little scanty herbage, which appeared struggling into its short summer existence. We stopped for one hour, and reloading the pack-horses proceeded on our road. The latter word reminds me to say that there are no roads, properly so called: this wild country is traversed only by paths, or narrow tracks, which do not generally admit of two horses going abreast, and the direction in which they lead is marked by piles of loose stones perched on the tops of neighbouring eminences. There is no vehicle having wheels in the entire country, as their use would be utterly impracticable. During the latter part of our ride this day, we suffered severely from cold, wet, and storm, as we had the wind right in our faces. We saw some ptarmigan, wild ducks, plover, and Maybirds, and succeeded in shooting some of each. About nine o'clock we passed two native encampments, consisting of three tents, and about five-and-twenty horses: the latter were tethered where there appeared a little scanty herbage. The natives of the interior make their long and tedious journeys to the capital in this manner, stopping where they can find refreshment for their half-starved

horses. We shortly afterwards crossed a ravine filled with snow, and Benjamin and I indulged in a game of snow-balls—and this nearly the last day of May. The night continued cold and wet; our pace was slow, never faster than a walk, our little horses scrambling over loose stones, and down steep descents, or climbing the rugged faces of the mountains. Truly, our journey was a weary one. Tired sitting on our horses, we endeavoured to refresh ourselves with a walk, but our clothes, heavy with wet and mud, soon obliged us to take to the saddle again; and thus we pursued the uneven tenor of our way, until we found ourselves at the summit of that extraordinary pass over the gigantic ravine of Almenagaiav; we here dismounted, and allowed our horses to pick their way down a nearly perpendicular flight of natural stairs or steps. Slowly and cautiously they proceeded, and all arrived safe at the bottom, where we found ourselves in a stupendous gorge, which runs in a perfectly straight line across the country for upwards of four miles. Its northern side is enclosed by a perpendicular wall of trap or basalt, in height probably 140 feet. In the bottom grew short and fragrant grass, interspersed with large fragments fallen from the neighbouring cliff. Emerging from the chasm, we were gratified

by a near view of the church of Thingavalla, where we hoped to pass the night, and to exchange our wet clothes for dry ones, and, in fact, expected to make up for our sufferings during the day. We now forded a river, muddy and swollen by the late rains, and in a few moments the guide commenced unlading his horses at the door of the little church. It was now twelve o'clock at night, the rain had ceased to fall heavily, and darkness there was of course none. We despatched the guide to rouse up the priest; he returned in a few minutes, saying that his reverence would be out "strax," which means instantly—was in bed, and must dress himself. However, one long hour were we doomed to wait, shivering like persons in ague, before the poor priest made his appearance. At length a tall thin young man, in a light-blue Jersey frock, black waistcoat and trousers, and feet in the sheepskin sandals of the country, made his welcome appearance, and then commenced as provoking a scene as could well be imagined: I could speak Danish sufficiently well, if the priest would only take the trouble to listen to me; but this was not to be—he would speak Latin, *et preterea nihil;* and my Latin might be long since "numbered with the things that were." However, I could sufficiently understand him to find that he wished to know,

in the first place, if we were Christians; and secondly, if we would defile his church. In fact, although he had his hand in his breeches pocket, and evidently the key was in his hand, he did not wish us to take shelter in his church if he could avoid it; and after a long harangue, told us to *pone tabernaculum*—in plain English, to pitch the tent we had with us. My friend Benjamin, whose Latin, like my own, was long forgotten, took upon himself to reply to the priest's advice by uttering the impressive words, *Morio dormio terram;* by which he meant to convey the assurance, that if he were to sleep on mother earth, he would be a fit subject to be received into her bosom. Whether my companion's Latin was understood in this sense I cannot say, but it certainly appeared to move the poor priest, as he slowly drew the ponderous key from his trousers pocket and admitted us. We now hoped to be able to refresh our worn-out energies with food and sleep: the former we had in abundance, but the latter we had not; for on coming to examine our baggage, we found all, verily every thing, wet as the clothes we were dressed in. A fire was of course unattainable; and taking the edibles and drinkables into the little portion of the church railed off for the altar, we ate a hearty supper—and then, a glass of brandy and water

and a stretch on a wet bearskin at three o'clock in the morning.

Friday, May 31*st.*—The atmosphere of an Iceland church, accompanied by wet clothes, are not things to promote quiet sleep; and to attain which desirable release from my present miseries I made several ineffectual attempts, but at length was reduced to the last expedient to keep myself warm—viz., running round the church as fast as my weary limbs would take me; and after roaming about the churchyard till the sun shone out, we sought our guide where he lodged at the priest's house hard by, and getting up a right good breakfast, with some hot coffee, we commenced preparing to resume our journey. The horses were at length brought from the miserable pasture where they had spent the night; and a measure of hay, which one English horse would have eaten in a mouthful, being divided amongst six, we commenced packing our baggage, loading, and saddling, and were at half-past eight o'clock, A.M., once more fairly on the road.

The church of Thingavalla, which we had just left, is a small building, not more than twenty-two feet in length; its outer walls, on the sides, are composed of alternate layers of stone and turf, the latter material covering the roof; a luxuriant crop of coarse grass over all. The ends,

in one of which is the door, are composed of timber well tarred over. The interior is lined with plank; and the east end is separated from the rest of the building by a wooden partition gaudily painted. In this partition is placed the little pulpit, and within is the altar. Over the pulpit is the inscription—

"Scio opera tua habenti dabitur."

I searched through a pile of old and musty records, but could find no document of older date than 1774.

Leaving Thingavalla, we again crossed the river we had forded last evening: it was much more swollen, and our little horses were nearly swimming. Emerging from its muddy bosom, we entered on a rocky and difficult tract, partially covered with stunted brushwood of birch and sallow. This was the first thing of the kind we had seen, although our journey of yesterday was one of nearly forty miles. This copse did not attain to a height of more than three feet. Proceeding a short distance on our way, we came up with a large cavalcade conveying fish, timber, and goods of various kinds, from Reikiavig to the interior. Our pace was slow, but theirs was slower still, so we soon left them behind us; and after passing two large and deep

fissures, which rend the surface of the country in lines parallel with that of Almenagaiaa, we arrived at the yawning chasm of Kapnagaiaa—pronounced Kapnagow—or the Raven's Chasm. This abyss is crossed by a bridge of loose rocks, which accidentally falling into the fissure, filled it across. We found the country abounding in ptarmigan and plover, as well as curlew: many of each kind fell to the lot of my companion during this day's march. About mid-day we had reached a dreary and rocky plain occupying a very elevated position; and the weather, which had been during the morning tolerably fair, now changed to storm and rain, in the midst of which we arrived at the extinct volcano of Tintron. Leaving our horses at a little distance, we proceeded on foot a short way off our line of route, and ascended a little eminence, from the crest of which rises up the crater in a short neck, like that of a bottle. The hill is covered with lava, cinders, and ashes. The orifice is not more than about six feet diameter; and by dropping pieces of lava we judged its depth, in a perpendicular direction, to be not over thirty feet. The interior surface of this funnel, if I may so call it, is composed of a red vitrified substance; and although ages have passed since this volcano was in an active state, yet the traces of its fiery origin are apparently recent. We

resumed our journey, and here lost sight of the magnificent Lake of Thingavalla, which had during the latter part of our journey yesterday, and the preceding part of this day, formed an object of particular attraction to us weary travellers. Proceeding some miles farther, we arrived at the village of Laugurvalla, which consists of a few huts. Here we purchased a few measures of hay for the horses; and as it rained heavily, we adjourned to a little forge scarcely large enough to hold us, and amidst heaps of charcoal, cinders, and rubbish, we ate a frugal but substantial meal, protected from the fury of the elements. A group of men, women, and children, stood at the door watching our operations in silent wonder. Our halt here was a short one, as we had got over but half of our long journey; and having loaded our pack-horses we pursued our way, entering on the extensive plain of Laugurvalla, in which several hot springs might be seen sending up their volumes of white steam into the cold atmosphere, many of them being quite close to the shore of the Lake of Laugurvalla, the waters of which are icy cold.

Our journey now lay sometimes in the plain, and at other times we turned a little into the mountains; but our journeying was at all times more difficult this day than yesterday, and our

track was intercepted by more numerous rivers. It was after a considerable detour through a lower range of mountains, covered with a copse of stunted birch of some three or four feet high, with a little grass in the more sheltered situations, and we had been travelling with a greater degree of comfort as the weather cleared up, when our trusty guide came to a sudden halt, and appeared to show decided symptoms of having lost his way. We had arrived at the same conclusion ourselves, when, after a few minutes' consideration, he quickly turned his horse's head, and striking off at a right angle with his former course, he proceeded at a sharper pace over hill and dale where no regular path appeared, and after half an hour's ride, arrived on the bank of a raging mountain torrent, which roared and foamed over a precipice of perhaps forty feet in perpendicular height. There now appeared an insurmountable barrier against our further progress; but the guide riding a little way up, we saw that the river, although wide and rapid, was not deep; and, in fact, this is the only part of the stream which may be forded with safety, although it is about the most ugly-looking business we had hitherto encountered. A deep fissure in the rocky channel from the face of the fall divides the stream longitudinally for

Broer-aa.

31st May 1850

perhaps 400 yards up; and to overcome this difficulty, a little bridge of plank, not more than six feet wide, is thrown across. It is unprotected at the sides; and at the time of our passage the water was flowing over it, but not to such a depth as to prevent its being seen that there was a pass over the chasm. However, the guide dashed in fearlessly, at the same time looking rather anxiously to us, and beckoning us on. On his reaching the centre of the stream his horse showed a little reluctance to trust himself on the frail bridge; but heels and whip being brought to bear on his sides, with a good measure of threatening language, the guide and his two pack-horses got over all right, and we followed in succession. After a ride of three hours we at length hailed the smoke of the famed Geysers, and another hour brought us into the middle of a hundred steaming caldrons, the strong sulphureous smell from which caused our weary steeds to require the use of urgent measures to get them across the piece of level ground in which they are situated. At length the farm-houses of Hankadal, so anxiously looked for, appeared in view, at the distance of one English mile: it appeared a hundred to our weary eyes. We fancied we could see a column of thin blue smoke rising cheerily from the build-

ings; and although we knew this was a thing not to be expected in Iceland, we nevertheless could not divest our imagination of the comfort of a bright fire and a roof over our heads. The old saying—that the longest day will have an end—was at length verified; the last of the innumerable rivers we had forded during the day's march was now passed; and at half-past eleven o'clock, P.M., we alighted in front of the homestead of Hankadal, having passed fifteen hours on horseback.

In a little time the proprietor was roused up, and received us most kindly. All was stir and bustle; and in half an hour we found ourselves at a good supper in a snug little bedroom, with tea and various etceteras; and at one o'clock were fast asleep in a comfortable bed, and a roof to shelter us.

Saturday, June 1st.—It was high noon when we sallied forth from our dormitory; and pitching our tent on a piece of green sward in front of the house, we commenced a life quite patriarchal. Our host is named "Gotmander," and a most appropriate one it is: his attention is unceasing. Our morning meal concluded, we institute inquiries as to the state of the Geyser, and find that there was a grand eruption yesterday, and consequently we cannot expect to see

Forster Lith. Cove St. Dublin

Gotmander's House, Haukedal, Geyser

3d June 1850

a similar display before the lapse of three or four days. Ben went off in the rain, and brought home five beautiful harlequin ducks, two of which were stuffed, and on the remaining three we dined sumptuously; and having iced a bottle of champagne in a snow river, we drank to our absent friends, and Benjamin proposed the toast of "Success to the 'Caprice' in all her wanderings!"

The rain clearing off at half-past eight o'clock, P.M., we all went to the Geysers. The Great Geyser was in its most quiescent state; yet even thus, what a wonderful and awful sight! On the top of a mound formed by successive incrustations of siliceous matter deposited during ages, the spectator beholds a large and circular basin of about sixty feet diameter, and perhaps five feet in depth. It is as smooth and as regular internally as a china bowl, but its upper edge all round is of irregular form, the incrustations taking a shape and appearance as like as possible to large cauliflowers. Exactly in the centre and bottom of this basin is a great pipe, about ten feet in diameter at the top, and narrowing downwards but a little; and through this shaft comes the water with which the basin is supplied.

On our arrival we found the basin at its usual

highest mark, and flowing off gently at the sides; the water in the centre and over the pipe boiling and bubbling, and at the extreme edge too hot even to dip your finger with impunity. After remaining almost overwhelmed in wonder for half an hour, we were astonished by loud reports under our feet, when presently the water in the basin began to heave, and was, as it were, bodily raised up and jerked back, or rather down, and violently agitated, when a huge volume of water was urged up in the centre to the height of two feet, the water flowed freely over the sides and then quickly subsided, leaving a foot of the basin dry below the high-water mark. We all agreed that to see even this moderate display of the Great Geyser was well worth the encounter of our difficult journey. We now proceeded a few hundred yards farther to the Little Geyser, which, although it exhibits its great powers at particular intervals, can be always made to do so by throwing a quantity of turf sods into its roaring throat. This the guide was prepared for; and having piled the large sods on the edge, he threw in the entire with one kick of his foot; and in perhaps three minutes, with a loud roar, it commenced shooting up in successive jets, its stained waters to the height of eighty feet, and continued to do so as long as there

was a tinge of the turf remaining. We now returned to watch the gradual rising of the water in the basin of the Great Geyser; and having cooked a duck, and boiled some eggs therein, we returned to Hankadal at midnight, where a substantial supper awaited us, with delicious coffee and rich cream, furnished by our kind host; and at one o'clock returned to our beds, leaving the females of the family busily at work in their little garden.

Sunday, June 2nd.—We were early astir, but the rain fell in torrents, crushing all our hopes of spending the day in watching the Geyser: we breakfasted on the duck cooked therein last evening, and remained confined to our tent all day. We heard the family of our host and some others, I suppose neighbouring people, loud in their devotions, after which they crowded into the tent. We gratified them exceedingly by taking likenesses of two females and a man as they sat in a group. They also took great pleasure in reading Icelandic songs in Henderson's book on Iceland, and which he gave in their own language; and were highly delighted with the maps of their country, as well as with views of remarkable places with which they were familiar. The day, wet and gloomy as it was, passed off agreeably enough. We had grilled wild duck for din-

ner, cooked by Mrs., or, as she is called, Madame Gotmander. The dish was accompanied by a teacup filled with rather high-coloured hot grease, not very much in accordance with our notions of good cookery. After dinner, brandy and water hot, as the evening is cold—very; and Benjamin spells "shells" with a "c!" which spoils the proverb of *in vino veritas.* The night was one of rain and storm: we all go to bed at seven, the entire family occupying the room above us, and making a horrid din over our heads.

Monday, June 3rd.—We were up at one o'clock, A.M., and a walk of fifteen minutes brought us to the Geyser. We found it full to overflowing, and bubbling strongly, which led us to expect a speedy eruption; and accordingly, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, the first report warned us of its being close at hand. Other reports now succeeded; the ground trembled violently under our feet; the water in the basin heaved and panted, its surface becoming raised up, and its waters flowing over on all sides smoking and steaming, when, to our disappointment, the commotion ceased, and the surface of the pool was considerably below its usual level. We could distinctly see Hecla this morning, although the distance is considerable. My friend Benjamin now proceeded to dig the turf sods; we

all bore a hand to carry them over; and having thrown them into the Little Geyser, we got up a display of successive jets, which continued for the space of eight minutes. We now discovered that Mr. Trout's anxiety to witness the scene at the Great Geyser, just described, caused him to forget that his boots were soled with gutta percha. I need scarcely mention that he left the soles behind, the hot water acting on them promptly. There was another shock in the Great Geyser at five minutes before four o'clock, which merely resulted in a slight troubling of the waters and a trifling overflow; and after watching from midnight, a strong yearning for breakfast compelled us to return to our tent. It was exactly five minutes past seven o'clock, we were standing at the tent door, when we saw a more than usual steam or vapour rolling over the Great Geyser, and presently it became evident that an eruption was taking place, but to what extent we could not of course conjecture. This was a most grievous disappointment to us after our long watching; the more so, as it might be that if the eruption which had just occurred was a great one, a similar display would be very unlikely to happen for three, or perhaps four, days to come. Immediately after breakfast we returned to the springs, and found the basin of the Great

Geyser nearly empty, thus proving that there must have been a very considerable eruption. The rain now came down in torrents, and we were compelled to run for shelter to a neighbouring sheep-house, as we made up our minds never to leave the springs again until we had seen the Great Geyser in that wonderful state which we as yet only knew from the descriptions of others. The surrounding springs, which number about one hundred, all exhibited an extraordinary degree of excitement this morning, hissing, and boiling, and steaming; and we could not help feeling, from the troubled aspect of all things about, that some more than common event was brewing. The rain clearing off, we issued from our place of refuge, and commenced the operations of the toilet, shaving, et cetera; Mr. Trout, with his hammer and chisel, most persevering in his exertions to cut off specimens of the siliceous deposit which forms the mound and basin of the Great Geyser—a most difficult task, as the deposit is able to resist the hardest steel. The spring called the Little Strokr is playing away furiously, shooting up its tiny jets to the height of eight and ten feet, and all the lesser springs are in a state of great excitement. Noon: several loud reports like those of distant ordnance, accompanied by a violent shaking of the

ground around the Great Geyser; the water in the basin flows over and then subsides. We cooked nine head of game—ptarmigan and wild duck—in the Geyser, intended to assist our homeward journey. At twelve minutes before one o'clock, hearing several loud reports, we rushed up the mound, on the summit of which is situated the basin of the Great Geyser. We found the water in a fearful state of commotion; the explosions under our feet waxed louder, with a violent trembling of the ground. Suddenly a thick column of water was forced up from the centre of the basin, at the first to an inconsiderable height, but afterwards to eighteen or twenty feet, when the troubled waters again subsided, and the basin, which had been a good deal exhausted, commenced filling again. The basin was slightly disturbed several times during the day, and at five o'clock, P.M., we left the Geysers with the intention of returning to the yacht; and although we had not seen this wonderful spring in the surprising grandeur we had been led to expect, we were, nevertheless, gratified beyond expression with the result of our toilsome journey. As our minds were completely made up as to commencing our homeward progress at an early hour on the morrow, we retired to our beds at seven o'clock.

Tuesday, June 4th.—Up at two o'clock, and found all our horses had been brought into the little churchyard to have a feed of grass before their departure. We had a hurried but substantial breakfast; the tent was struck, baggage packed, horses loaded; and after a kindly shake of the hand with our worthy and kind host, we once more commenced a harassing journey. Our guide, kissing our host most affectionately (the custom of the country), took the lead, and was the first to plunge into the first river, not one hundred yards from the point of our departure.

We were in the act of fording a second stream, which flows immediately past the Geysers, when we were saluted by several loud subterraneous reports, which we now well knew to portend a commotion in the bosom of the Great Geyser. Urging our little horses out of the river, we jumped from our saddles; immense clouds of vapour were issuing from the basin, and the boiling water came dashing down the sides of the mound in smoking torrents, the earth shaking fearfully. Notwithstanding, we dashed up towards the summit on the windward side, picking our steps through the streams of scalding water, which strong waterproof boots enabled us to do with impunity. On reaching the top we found the water in a most awful state of turmoil, toss-

Forster Lith. Crow St. Dublin

The Great Geyser

4th June, 1850

ing and raging to and fro; the loud reports, which shook the ground we stood on, were every moment more frequent; when at length, with a loud roar, an enormous column of water, clear as crystal, dashed up into the air, where it became broken into jets, which were renewed continually for several minutes, many of the jets reaching to the height of eighty feet. Gradually they became weaker, and at length all settled down, leaving the great basin so perfectly dry that we were enabled to walk into it to the edge of the central pipe, to the top of which the water did not now reach within six feet.

Great, indeed, was our wonder and astonishment, and great was our good fortune, thus at the last moment to witness this glorious and extraordinary sight, when, after all our sufferings on the road, and constant watching for three days and four nights, we were so unexpectedly rewarded. Had we started ten minutes sooner or ten minutes later, we should have lost all.

The rain now poured down in torrents, and we journeyed on, passing a few thinly-dispersed homesteads occupying small patches of the most brilliant verdure, and the vegetation had been so rapid that we scarcely recognised the country we travelled through so recently. I said the rain came down in torrents, and the wind blew vio-

lently as we wound our tortuous way through the gloomy mountains, but all was now borne with a light heart: we had seen the grand sight; we had accomplished the great object of a long voyage by sea and a toilsome journey by land. At a few minutes after eight o'clock we found ourselves on the banks of the dreaded "Broer Aaa," and were agreeably surprised to find its troubled stream much lower than on our first acquaintance therewith; and our crossing was easily effected, even the dog Nero was able to pass over with a dry jacket. The day continued cold with heavy showers, and for several miles we met nothing in human shape; when we at length encountered a wild group of three horsemen carrying guns and billhooks, the rearmost individual bearing a little fire in a small vessel under his arm: they were charcoal-burners proceeding to the district of the birch copses.

At two o'clock, P.M., we halted at our former resting-place of Laugurvalla; and as we were favoured with the luxury of a dry half hour, we were able to devour our dinner under a little bank, which afforded us slight shelter from the cutting blast. As usual, the occupants of the neighbouring huts crowded round us to see us eat, and seemed greatly amused with my companion's umbrella. Although, as I before said,

our dreary journey was occasionally enlivened by a bright spot of verdure in the surrounding desert, during our progress we never saw a patch of corn, or the slightest trace of agriculture, and the inhabitants give themselves no trouble past the manuring the piece of green ground on which their humble dwelling is situated; and on the scanty crop of hay which it produces can they alone rely for sustenance for their flocks and herds during a long and severe winter. There is generally a small garden, some ten yards square, attached to the dwelling, into which they were now only putting some seeds, which were never destined to arrive at more than partial maturity. Their flocks and herds are numerous; and the extensive and swampy plains which lie between the Geysers and Laugurvalla were covered with sheep of every variety of colour of which a combination of brown, black, and white, is capable. The cattle and horses are equally fantastic in their colouring, and the latter would be worth their weight in Californian metal either to Mr. Batty or Pablo Fanque. The Icelander at a distance from the sea-coast leads a life purely pastoral—his flocks are his sole care; the house and garden come under the control of the ladies. The hour allotted for our halt was now passed; we drained the last drop of Miss Kitty's ginger

cordial to her health; and placing the baggage on the horses, we again took to the road, anxious to get over the remaining half of our day's work.

Our path now lay through a barren land, and over tracks difficult even for our little horses. The weather also became much worse, inasmuch as it rained incessantly and heavier, and the wind blew with increased violence, but fortunately not in our faces; and after some three hours' riding, our guide took us a little off our line of march to see some caverns, formed in the soft and black lava of which some dark and gloomy mountains are composed. There was little curious in those sepulchral-looking dens, howbeit they had been visited by many travellers, French and Danish, as evidenced by various inscriptions cut in the soft material; and wonderful! the name of not one Englishman figured in the list. My companion, however, inscribed "CAPRICE" in his own happy style. We turned to our path, and went on our way, but not rejoicing. Mr. Trout procured a brace of ptarmigan, and I had the good fortune to procure a very rare and beautiful specimen of the red-breasted godwit, all of which were carefully stowed away in our baggage, in the hope to preserve them for stuffing. We now crossed many rivers, wide and deep, and yawning chasms; and the fallen surface in many places

disclosed subterraneous caverns, whose recesses mortal eye hath not explored. With great satisfaction we were at length gladdened with a view of the magnificent Lake of Thingavalla, with its mountain shores and mountain islands. Its beauty pleased us, but our taste for the picturesque was not so strong but that we could also find pleasure in its indication of the speedy termination of a day of suffering. We forded our last river for the day (the last of a hundred), and shortly found ourselves at the church door of Thingavalla. It was now seven o'clock; and having a lively recollection of the miseries of a night-lodging in a church, and, moreover, in wet clothes to boot, I deputed our trusty guide to negotiate with the poor priest for two beds, with the understanding that he might name his own terms. An hour had nearly elapsed, and our hearts began to sink within us, when we saw a man approaching us with the key of the church door dangling on his finger, but we found that the priest wished us to take our supper in the kirk, and adjourn to his house for our beds. This was, of course, a satisfactory arrangement; and after a hearty meal we betook ourselves to the little chamber allotted to us, and reposed our weary limbs until—

Wednesday, June 5th,—When, at half-past three o'clock, the captain roused us up from a

sound sleep, and getting the key, we went to breakfast in the church. Presently the poor priest made his appearance bearing a few couple of harlequin duck, which he offered for sale, and for which he asked the sum of forty-six schillings, or one and a-half rixdollars. I could not take them, as we had already as much game dead, and even cooked (by the way, in the Geyser), as we could manage to carry. I also saw a quantity of fine fish, bleak and trout, which had been captured in nets during the night; one of the trout weighed at least six pounds.

Whilst the horses were being loaded I took a little ramble round the humble residence of the poor incumbent of Thingavalla, and found the habitation to differ in no respect from all the other dwellings of the interior. The top of a rising ground is chosen for a site; a cut is made straight in, of the dimensions of the principal apartment, all the others branching off right and left, and in every possible direction, and communicating with a long dark passage, at the outer end of which is the door of entrance. Each of these apartments is covered by a separate roof, composed of timber overlaid with grassy turf, which is impervious to wet, and a view from behind gives the uninitiated beholder the idea that he looks on the burial-ground of giants of a

time gone by. The grand apartment has its gable end towards the front, and formed of timber painted a dark-red colour; it also rejoiccs in two windows, which light its lower and upper stories.

The first habitation of this description which I approached was this same priest's house. I was cold; and seeing smoke to issue from the top of a grassy mound at a considerable distance from a larger mound, which I knew to cover the habitation of the priest, I conceived it to be a hut belonging to some of his dependents. With the prospect of getting near a fire—for, cold and wet as I then was, even to see one would be a luxury—I went towards the cheerful blue smoke. In vain I sought an entrance; in vain I perambulated this labyrinth of grassy mounds; until at length, finding one open doorway close to the principal window, I entered, and after various turnings, I found myself in a little chamber, in which were two men sleeping profoundly, and one of them was the guide! I could not find the apartment which contained the fire at that time, but I have since been where that fire burned. On my return to thc church door I found the horses saddled, and the pack-horses laden, also the two sisters of the priest, who were waiting to have a good view of the Englishmen. They

were both nice mild-looking girls, the youngest very pretty, but from some deformity obliged to use a crutch; they waited until we had crossed the river, when they lost sight of our cavalcade.

The morning was wet and gloomy, but there was little wind and not much cold; and at seven o'clock we had surmounted the difficult pass of Almenagaiaa, and pursued our way over uneven and craggy hummocks and loose stones, a rocky waste; and having passed over half our day's journey, we halted, unloaded our pack-horses, and having chosen a sheltered nook—no easy matter in these parts, we seated ourselves on the banks of a small stream and devoured the remnant of our stock of provisions, various odds and ends falling to the lot of our trusty and affectionate companion, the dog Nero. The weather now improved, and was very much like cold and showery April days in England. After a rest of one hour we again moved on our route; and our little horses seemed to know that the end of their journey was at hand, as we got along with a quicker pace. At length we saw the Faxē Bugten, and shortly perceived the masts of the vessels riding in the little Bay of Reikiavig. We had now been ten hours on our journey from Thingavalla, and only two from our destination, and for the first time encountered a

human being in the person of a solitary shepherd perched on the rocky top of a mountain, from whence he watches his surrounding flocks. The masts of the shipping now became more distinct, and we strained our eyes towards them in the hope of distinguishing the raking masts of the English schooner yacht "Proserpine," which we expected would have left England shortly after our departure, and have brought later news from our native land. As we topped the high hills over the Lax Aaa, we were cheered by the sight of a long cavalcade winding its tortuous way towards the capital; and shortly we ourselves passed that river, and at eight o'clock, P. M., we entered the first city of Iceland. Quickly did the look-out on deck recognise us, and swiftly pulled the gig on shore, and we were once more, after an absence of seven days of toil and great fatigue, on board of the good ship "Caprice," where, after a thorough change of habiliments and copious ablutions, we learned to value the comforts of a good fire and a good dinner; and having luxuriated in a good cigar and a cup of coffee, at eleven o'clock were in a state of profound slumber, the troubles and pleasures of our journey alike forgotten.

Thursday, June 6th.—Remained on board the entire day in quiet rest. At three o'clock, P.M.,

the cutter returned from fishing, bringing home forty fine haddock, weighing from four to seven pounds, also a large and ugly catfish, and some indescribable monster unknown to those on board. The sun sets this evening north-north-east by compass—viz., two points eastward of north!

Friday, June 7th.—Mr. James went off about six miles into the bay, taking four hands in the cutter, and returned at four in the afternoon with one hundred and eight haddock, one of which weighed nineteen pounds. The sun sets this evening at a quarter past eleven o'clock, Dublin time.

Saturday, June 8th.—Went off in the gig to the Lax Aaa with Mr. Thergusen to see him take his fish from his salmon weir. He got but few, and the largest not more than twelve pounds weight. We caught thirteen trout, many of which were small. We returned on board at five o'clock, and found a present awaiting us from Madame Thergusen of a piece of the first-cured salmon of the season.

Sunday, June 9th.—At half-past eleven o'clock had prayers in the cabin. Weather cold and showery; wind south and by east. Mr. Thergusen is expected on board to dinner. At least we thought so; but after waiting dinner for one hour we voted him present, and afterwards found

he awaited a boat from the "Caprice" to bring him off.

Monday, June 10th.—After breakfast went off in the gig to the mouth of the Lax Aaa to fish for trout. The day turned out wet, and we returned to the yacht at half-past eight o'clock, P.M., bringing in forty-four trout of every size, from one and a half pounds downwards.

Tuesday, June 11th.—Finding nothing more to see or do at our present station, we determined to make a visit to the great basaltic caverns at Stappen. After breakfast, went ashore, paid pilotage, and made some few purchases; and at thirty-eight minutes past one o'clock, P.M., weighed and stood out of the little Bay of Reikiavig with the wind at south-east, and fair.

The town of Reikiavig is situated on a narrow peninsula at the head of the Faxē Bugten. It contains probably two hundred houses of the better class; and in the irregular suburbs, which extend up the hills on either side, there are perhaps five hundred houses more, chiefly the dwellings of those engaged in the fishery, as well as small curing-houses for their fish, which constitutes their chief article of export. Next in importance, in the way of exports, comes wool and eider-down. The trade is chiefly with Denmark; and when we left, a considerable number of

Danish vessels were laying in the harbour, one of which was loading for Liverpool, and by which we hoped to advertise our friends of our safe arrival in this northern region. Several of the inhabitants of Reikiavig speak English tolerably, and many who are Danish merchants settled here can do so fluently. We had now been a fortnight, or nearly so, at Reikiavig, and could truly say we had been treated by every person with whom we came in contact with the most uniform civility and kindness. The Icelanders are all a most polite people, even the humbler classes taking off their hats when meeting in the highway, a custom, by the way, not at all agreeable to us in this frigid atmosphere. The "salute labial" is one in which we did not participate; and indeed the Icelandic propensity for snuff, and the almost universal contempt for the razor, did not at all stimulate a wish to cultivate the custom. At four o'clock, P.M., the wind died off, the lines were quickly over the side, and we commenced hauling in splendid codfish and gigantic haddock until six o'clock, P.M., when the breeze again sprung up fresh, and we had the weather cold and gloomy as a dark December day in our own country. With the wind came also a short jumping sea, which gave us many a wet jacket. The breeze continued strong; and

after a slashing run of sixty-three miles in nine hours and twenty minutes, including the time we lay becalmed haddock fishing, we dropped our anchor in the Bay of Stappen at eleven o'clock, P.M. The lines were again over the side, and the take of codfish was so great that no one thought of turning in until—

Wednesday morning, June 12th,—When at a quarter past two o'clock, A.M., we went to our berths. During the middle and morning watches we had hauled in one hundred and seventy-four codfish. We also hooked several large halibut, all of which we lost, together with the gear, which was not strong enough for those monsters, one of which nearly cut a man's hand off while running out the line.

At eleven o'clock, A.M., we got the sails into the cutter, and with four hands started to visit the great basaltic caves of Stappen. We landed on the north side of the bay in a little nook, on a piece of smooth sandy beach, where we were met by a native, a fine-looking fellow, if he were but washed and shaved. We took him off as pilot, and he brought us a couple of miles lower down the bay, where we were met by a large boat containing several men, who had kindly come off to show us the very intricate harbour, or rather landing-place, of Stappen. We were

kindly invited to the only respectable house here; it is occupied by a Mr. Thursteinsen, who received us most cordially, and who spoke very good English, at least for a person who could have but little practice. He is stone-blind, and formerly filled the office of prefect of the western coast of Iceland. He sent a guide with us to show us the caves, which are most curious. They are all composed of rectangular and perpendicular basaltic pillars, which compose their sides, or walls, from the water to the roof, a height of over one hundred feet. None of those caves which we saw extended inland to a distance of more than thirty yards, and near their extremity were open to the sky, the roof or natural arch having at some remote period fallen in. They are the haunt of myriads of seafowl, whose eggs form a considerable amount of food to the inhabitants near the coast. We scrambled over the face of the cliff and entered one of the caverns; it was perhaps the smallest; the others should be entered in a boat, a feat which the roughness of the sea prevented us from attempting. The adjoining coast is all composed of rectangular basalt blocks, laying about in all sorts of angles; and in one or two instances they are piled in a perfectly horizontal position, and with the most extreme regularity, and exactly resembling huge

square beams of timber. Having spent some hours examining these wonderful caves, we again returned to the house, when Mr. Thursteinsen conducted us to his library—alas! to him, now, sealed books. It consisted of, I should say, over a thousand volumes, amongst which were to be found most, if not all, the English standard works—Pope, Byron, Shakspeare, Hume, besides a host of others both in prose and poetry. He said he did not like Byron: "he was not a good man, and his fame would die; but that Shakspeare would live to the end of the world." He possessed also many of the Latin classics; but he said he "thought he liked Livy less than all other historians; he was too tedious." I recollect when I also thought as he did. We were afterwards shown into his sitting-room, where an exceedingly nice dinner awaited us. It consisted of ham and sausage cut in small slices and mixed together, the sausage something like Bologna, but of course native manufacture. There was also a large dish of speckled eggs of seafowl; they were boiled hard, and cold; some capital confectionary, and jam made of the wild cherry, which I need scarcely say were the produce of a distant land. These things were all removed, and replaced by a composition like black currant jelly in shapes; it was accompanied by powdered

sugar and delicious cream. The composition I learned from our host was formed from sago, and was, as a friend of mine would say, "exceedingly excellent," as were also the concomitants. We were also regaled with a light (very) red wine and Madeira. At length we were obliged to take leave of our kind-hearted entertainer, who reluctantly allowed us to depart without coffee, the usual finish to every feast.

I never shall forget the kind manners and polite civility of this poor blind man: placed in the most desolate part of this most desolate country, at a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles from the little capital, whence alone any tidings of the events passing in the rest of the world can reach him, he lives amongst mountains of perpetual snow, the immense "Snofell Yokul," who never doffs her winter garment, hanging in dazzling but chilling whiteness over his lonely habitation.

We returned on board at five o'clock, P.M., and found that several large halibut had been hooked during our absence, but had all got off, as usual taking our tackle with them. However, some large codfish fell to our lot during the evening; and at eight o'clock, P.M., there was a loud cry on deck that another monster fish was hooked. Great was the rush from below, and loud were

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the mingled shouts of encouragement and caution, but the fish had to deal with an old hand; and after twice running out nearly all the line, he at length came to the surface, when two gaffs were plunged into his head at the same instant, and the great brute lay floundering on the deck. His weight was fifty pounds. He was quickly butchered, and washed, and hanging in the rigging, where might be seen an anxious host evidently calculating upon the number of dinners and breakfasts he would be likely to supply; and one party was heard to declare that, when cut into nice slices, it made a capital substitute for veal cutlets.

Thursday, June 13th.—Weighed at seven o'clock, A.M., for Oreback, shaping our course for Cape Reikianos; weather clear, with a warm sun, and pleasant breeze at south-south-west. At one o'clock, P.M., the wind came round to the eastward, with a clear sky, and such weather as we had long been strangers to; in fact, like the bracing frosty air of our own country; and with the most pleasurable feelings we sailed smoothly over the bosom of the Faxē Bugten, the dazzling Snofell Yokul gradually sinking under the horizon, when the wind died off, and the lines were quickly over the side in eighty fathoms; and while the calm lasted, the scene of slaughter

was indescribable: codfish, ling, and halibut, were hauled on board in great numbers, one of the latter weighing twenty-five pounds, which, although not large, was considered a great prize. Butchering, boning, and salting, were now the amusement of the hour; and although the people had all the empty casks already filled and headed down with well-salted fish, and a large quantity drying in the boats on deck, they were not even yet satisfied, and appeared impatient for their casks of fine beef to become empty, in order to have stowage for the immense quantities of fish they so easily procured. However, at three o'clock, P.M., a light air sprung up at west, which at once put an end to the fishing, but did not hasten much our progress, as it proved both light and variable. At seven o'clock, P.M., that large fish, known to whalers as the "bone shark," appeared broad on our weather bow. He approached us swiftly, his large back-fin clear over the water, like the sail of a small boat; and as he crossed our bows my friend fired his rifle, the ball passing close to the fish's back, when, diving right down with a vigorous flourish of his tail, the monster disappeared, some of the people thinking that the ship must have touched him. He was probably not under sixty feet in length, but we saw him not again. Nine o'clock, P.M.,

wind variable, with rain, which continued throughout the night.

Friday, June 14th,—Set in with the wind at west, and steady; and at half-past eight we rounded Cape Reikianos, and stood along shore to the eastward. Nothing could be more delightful than our sail this morning; the westerly wind appeared quite warm, and the scenery along the coast was so wild and extraordinary, that we only left the deck with reluctance. After passing Hopsnos, great tracts of fantastically-shaped lava present all the appearance of a petrified forest; and farther toward the westward, the coast immediately on the sea-shore comes in for its share of admiration: for miles the cliff, which is over one hundred and fifty feet in perpendicular height, is formed of deep strata of trap, laid over each other with the most extraordinary precision; after passing which, the cliff is composed of successive layers of bright red ashes and dark-coloured lava in most striking contrast. The entire coast seems pierced with numerous sea caves, which would be well worth examination did the weather permit a close approach to this wild shore. Myriads of sea birds build their nests in the clefts of the rocks; but even here they are not safe from the destructive hand of man, for while I write there is an unfortunate wight dangling over the cliff at

the end of a long rope, held on from above by three of his companions, all engaged in robbing the nests. At two o'clock, P.M., we were off the Bay of Oreback, with the Danish pilot-jack flying; and having run into the bay as far as I thought prudent, and no pilot appearing to answer our signal; and, moreover, the wind being westerly, with the swell setting right into the bay, I put the helm down, and hauled out to seaward, and with a fair wind for the coast of Norway, stood the vessel on her course to the Namsen. I expected to have got some good salmon-fishing before I left this wild country, but the difficulty and danger of bringing a vessel of the "Caprice's" draught of water into the bays and creeks along the coast, present an insuperable obstacle on the one hand; and the impossibility of getting any accommodation in the farmers' houses is a decided obstacle to land expeditions on the other; add to all this, that you can get no information from the natives as to rivers where salmon-fishing might be expected. They will all tell you of rivers full of large fish; but when you come to inquire into the nature and depth of the water, you are probably told that you must use a net. The Icelander knows nothing of fly-fishing, and cannot understand a man fishing for amusement. As an instance of this, I was informed by

Mr. Thergusen, at Reikiavig, that the "Olves Aa" at Oreback abounded in large salmon of thirty and forty pounds in weight; but the day before I left that town my hopes were all frustrated by my guide telling me that I should take the fish in that river with a net, as the water was too white for the fish to see the fly. The fact was implied by the name of one of its tributaries —"Hvit Aa," or "White River." All those circumstances coming to mind made me the less regret the not being able to stop at Oreback, where there is no other inducement to remain except the fishing, which, as I before said, is scarcely even problematical. At four o'clock, P.M., we were flying away along the coast with a strong westerly wind; and at five o'clock, P.M., were abreast of Hecla, of which we had a very distinct view, its three dazzling peaks clearly defined on a brilliant blue sky: the snow had nearly vanished from its southern side towards its base. The Westman islands are just rising in succession above the horizon, and we hope to be quite clear of them by sundown. At seven o'clock, P.M., the wind had fallen off to a light air, and we were gliding smoothly along close under their lee, and a more curious group of rocky islands does not, I believe, exist in the whole world. They are not more than six or

eight English miles off the southern shore of Iceland, and are scattered over an extent of some ten or fifteen square miles; some are mere pinnacles of rock, rising above the surface of the ocean to the height of sixty or one hundred feet, and often presenting to a stranger in those latitudes the appearance of square-rigged vessels under full sail. The main island, which is called Heimakletur, is one hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, and is the only one of the group which is inhabited and possesses a town, at least an Iceland town of some trade, and has also a good harbour. Most of the other islands are inaccessible, except to the bird-catcher and egg-hunter, and some may not even be approached by those daring adventurers. The town, or village, and harbour are on the eastern side, with the church and a considerable patch of green land adjoining. The islands are all of trap formation, the strata not lying horizontally, as along the neighbouring coast a little to the westward, but taking a triangular form, the sea-line making the base. Innumerable seafowl build their nests in the holes in the cliffs, and countless thousands float in the surrounding waters, almost allowing the vessel to sail over them. We passed three large open boats full of men, women, and merchandise; they were all sailing towards tho

mainland, which is here low, flat, and rocky, from the sea-shore, for a distance of five miles, to the foot of the lower mountains; indeed the land is so low as not to be visible, except on very near approach. Passing the Westman islands to the eastward, the character of the coast becomes much changed, from the rugged and broken outline which characterises the Faxē Bugt, Reikianos, Stappen, and Reikiavig, and the flats which extend from the foot of Hecla, Oster Jokul, and Myrdals Jokul to the sea, to the heavy and stupendous mountain range which here begins to form the south-eastern coast towards Portlands Huk. At nine o'clock, P.M., there was a loud cry on deck, even the sleepers rushed up from below: we found ourselves in the middle of a shoal of dogfish. Harpoons, gaffs, and granes, are all in requisition: one fish was harpooned, and escaped; another was gaffed, and escaped; and, in fine, not one out of the great multitude was caught; however, it was half an hour's amusement, and if any had reason to feel disappointed, it was the watch below, who lost so much precious sleep out of their four hours. Benjamin says, as usual, *telle est la vie.* I agree with him, and not with those who talk of the monotony of a life at sea; verily, they know nothing of the matter; there is no such word in the sailor's vocabulary. At

eleven o'clock, P.M., set the squaresail; and at twelve o'clock, P.M., were abreast of Portland's Huk, the most southern point of Iceland.

Saturday, June 15th.—Here we are, flying away before a fine steady westerly wind under whole canvass, the "Land of Ice" fast disappearing to the southward, and only the most prominent mountains of the eastern coast visible, and truly they deserve the name. The great mountains of the "Osterhorn" are now probably eighty miles distant, and yet they appear quite close to us, their summits hid in the clouds, and their sides covered with snow, at least to the line of our horizon. There is much more snow on the eastern coast than on the western. We shall shortly take our last look on Iceland, as it is very probable we shall never again visit its wild and wonderful shores, as there is little, except the famed Geysers, to induce any one in the way of sight seeing. Hecla is now not even a second-class mountain; and there is nothing either in its shape, height, or dimensions, to make it in any way worthy of the journey from Reikiavig or Oreback. It has not been in eruption since the year 1844; and, in its present quiescence, is not better worth examination than many extinct craters, which may be more easily visited in other parts of the country; for example, even

"Tintron," on the way-side from Reikiavig to Geyser. There is no doubt that to the scientific man Iceland presents a sphere of peculiar interest; but to make an undertaking with a view to science at all worthy of the voyage thither by sea, and the journeyings overland in the country, an entire year should be devoted to the pursuit. To the sporting man I have already said enough on the subject of fishing. To the shooting man I should say, that any person going to Reikiavig in the month of July, and starting into the interior about the first of August, and accompanied by a brace of good spaniels, sport would await him such as could scarcely fall to his lot in any other part of the world. Ptarmigan abound, together with various birds of the plover and curlew species; also all kinds of water-fowl, including the beautiful harlequin duck, together with geese and swans. As a matter of course, to carry on a campaign such as this, a good camp equipage is indispensable. Ptarmigan shooting would be the principal attraction, and the district between Thingavalla and Laugurvalla is certainly a good one—I don't know if there may not be a better. I would also advise any one visiting Iceland for sporting purposes, to secure a good retreat before he thinks of stopping out the month of August, as he would rarely find a

trader so late in the north to return to Copenhagen. There is still another class, to which we ourselves belong: it is composed of those who, from early years, have read and dreamed of Iceland, and who have been accustomed to regard it as a sort of inaccessible fairyland—a species of terrestrial "Flying Dutchman"—concerning which the imagination was permitted to form the most exaggerated ideas. To such a class, I say, did my fellow-traveller and myself appertain; and although our imaginings were not in their wildest extravagance realized, yet I may truly say that the fullest gratification rewarded our expedition. We had arrived at the reality; Iceland was no longer an unknown land to us; and it was with no slight feeling of regret that we left its rugged shores, and took leave of its kind-hearted and simple-minded inhabitants, perhaps for ever. The passing observer would be inclined to look upon the Icelander of the country districts as steeped in poverty, and subject to the greatest privations with respect to food, fuel, and raiment; but a little reflection will soon show that this is not the case. The Icelander knows few wants which he cannot supply. His food consists chiefly of fish, with which the coast abounds to an extent almost incredible. His extensive flocks supply his clothing, whether of

coarse frieze for land service, or of leather for his fishing excursions on the sea. And a quaint and nondescript looking animal is he, when with an outlandish sou'wester hat, sheepskin jacket, and sheepskin trousers, you behold him ready for sea. The trousers are not open at the bottom; and being well smeared with oil, are perfectly waterproof. An uncouth pair of worsted mittens, having two thumbs, one of which is always sticking up on the back of the hand, complete the fisherman's costume. The object of having the glove made with two thumbs, is simply to allow of turning it on the hand, as one side or other gets wetted by the fishing lines. But ashore or afloat, and at all out-of-door work, you never see an Iceland man, woman, or child, without those mittens.

The farmer, or "Landtsman," is often rich in flocks and herds, as well as in horses, of which he requires many, from the small burden which a single horse is capable of bearing over this intractable country. It is a matter of every-day occurrence to see horses, each carrying only four light fir planks, two tied on each side of the animal, and with this trifling load making journeys of eighty or an hundred miles from the coast into the interior. The great fair of Reikiavig commences on the first of July; when the

inhabitants crowd in from the country, bringing their stock of wool, butter, cheese, and dried fish. The market lasts for a fortnight; during which time the capital is a scene of great animation. The spring, summer, and autumn are all begun, continued, and ended in five months, beginning with May and ending with September. The summer, properly speaking, is of one month's duration (July); notwithstanding, the hay crop, and the trifling amount of vegetables which satisfies an Icelander, are grown, saved, and housed before the winter seals up every thing. Of corn crops they have little; and I never saw any thing approaching thereto. I was informed that they grew potatoes also. In November the duration of daylight forms a very inconsiderable portion of the twenty-four hours; and in December it amounts to about three hours, beginning at eleven o'clock, A.M., and ending in darkness at two o'clock, P.M.; but the Icelander has a warm house, from which he rarely stirs abroad, except to feed his cattle and sheep, which are as comfortably sheltered as himself. In the towns the merchant chooses this season to square his books and settle up his accounts, which business is always deferred for winter work; and if he is a young man, and seeks amusements, he applies himself to dancing and billiards. There are two

billiard rooms in Reikiavig, and probably not another in Iceland. There is also a very excellent college, in which several young men are lodged and taught; and many of the students are proficient in French, Latin, and English. The cathedral is an excessively neat building, and seems to be kept in the neatest order. With the exception of the college and cathedral, the only stone house in the town is that occupied by the governor. The bishop resides at a little distance from the town, on the opposite side of the bay; his dwelling is of the better sort, two stories high, built of brick, coloured yellow, and slated. Several of the wooden houses of the town were covered in with Welsh slates, which are now found to be not much more expensive than timber, even in the first outlay, and they are, of course, much more durable. Although I cannot say that I have travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren, yet, I do believe, I have little else to add to these rambling notes; and as I before said, my companion and myself are sailing from these wild shores, perhaps for ever; but our voyage hitherto has been one of great gratification. The wonderful sight of the Great Geyser is in itself worthy a voyage to Iceland, under even more unfavourable circumstances than fell to our lot. It is nearly, if

not altogether, impossible to take a vessel into all the fiords and bays round the coast, even if that were desirable, from the difficulty of procuring a pilot who knows any part of the coast except the ground he fishes over; and the wild nature of the climate, as well as the coast, preclude any attempts at a coasting trade, where the required knowledge might be learned. The wind continued all day steady at west; and at four o'clock, P.M., the vessel was going seven and a half knots by patent log; and at eight o'clock, P.M., set squaresail—a strong breeze, with heavy rain, which continued during the night.

Sunday, June 16th,—Set in with light airs at north, and clear weather; the vessel making little way. Noon, the wind came round to south-east, dead against us, with rain and heavy swell; however, the barometer goes up, so there may be "a good time coming." The wind, which had been freshening during the last watch, came on strong, and at four o'clock, P.M., took third reef in the mainsail, reefed foresail, and set fourth jib; strong wind and heavy sea. The night continued cold, with rain, and the south-easter steady against us.

Monday, June 17th,—Set in fair, with the wind still in the same quarter. The weather becoming moderate, and sea going down, shook the reefs

out of the mainsail, and set gaff topsail and third jib, and continued turning to windward, with little prospect of any change. Noon, light and baffling airs, at east and south-east, making no way to windward. The entire day was spent rolling about on the long swell, without an air of wind to get us a mile ahead in any direction. Rifle practice in great force on deck, and sundry bottles are consigned to the deep, deep sea; Benjamin says there is no cruelty in their destruction, as they had yielded up their spirits long since.

Tuesday, June 18th.—At six o'clock this morning a breeze began to spring up from the southward, enabling us to keep the vessel on her course, and during the next two hours came on so fresh, that we have now great hopes of being able to make up for the calm of yesterday. At ten o'clock, A.M., the topsail was taken in, and topmast housed, and the good ship was flying on her course. Three or four large grampus passed close alongside, playing all sort of fantastic gambols. At four o'clock, P.M., we had a fresh breeze and smooth water — going eight knots. Passed some planks of drift wood, evidently part of the deck cargo of a timber vessel. At nine o'clock, P.M., the night looking threatening, took two reefs in the mainsail, reefed fore-

sail, and shifted jibs. Nasty high sea; the vessel going nine knots, and sometimes more, and trembling and quivering as she shot through the rough sea; and during the night I was twice nearly thrown out of my berth. Heavy rain continued throughout the night, which no one seemed to care about, as we dashed along with a fair wind towards our destination. The greatest comfort, perhaps, in sailing over the dreary Northern Ocean is, that though the duration of fair weather cannot be looked for to last more than a few hours at any time, you may calculate on the equally fleeting nature of the bad; besides, the uninterrupted continuance of perfect light during the entire twenty-four hours, takes much from the horrors of storm and tempest in those high latitudes.

Wednesday, June 19th.—This morning set in with thick weather, and a strong breeze at south by west, with considerable sea, which is as fair as it can blow for us. At four o'clock, P.M., passed a large schooner, going north north-east; still blowing hard, with thick weather and heavy sea; we had run thirty-two miles during the last watch, and had averaged thirty miles, by patent log, every four hours since eight o'clock, A.M., yesterday. The wind continuing to get stronger, with increasing sea, took in mainsail and set the

trysail, and at five o'clock, P.M., lowered away foresail, the vessel rolling awfully, which made it a business of some difficulty to write up my log; however, the glasses seem inclined to rise, and the weather looks a little better to windward. At ten o'clock, P.M., passed a brig under close-reefed topsails, her course north-east. Weather is now a little more moderate, and sea going down; we set the squaresail. Passed some more drift timber. The night continued good throughout, with the wind fresh at south-west.

Thursday, June 20th.—This morning set in fair, with clear weather, a pleasing contrast to yesterday's storm and tempest. Noon, got an observation, and found the ship's place to be in latitude 63° 53″ north; and as we had run 150 miles since noon of yesterday, we calculated on being about 180 miles from the Namsen. The weather becoming moderate, set mainsail, and at half-past three o'clock, P.M., made land from the deck; weather thick, with light airs and rain. At six o'clock, P.M., it was nearly calm, with thick rain, and we are not likely to see the land again this night. Several whales were blowing and tumbling about all day. At half-past eight o'clock this evening, the captain came into the cabin, to report a boat coming off towards the vessel; this was a source of great joy to all

hands, as we naturally expected a pilot, who would take charge of the vessel to her destined port. Presently one of the Norwegian fishing boats, so well known to me, came bowling down under the influence of two pair of paddles and a large sail; she contained three humid individuals, clad, as Falstaff would say, in "buckram," viz., leathern jackets and trousers. Their boat was full of fish, chiefly pollock, and belonged to the neighbourhood of the lighthouse off the entrance to the Trondiem Fiord. The senior of the party came on board; and, after answering all his numerous interrogatories as to who we were, where we were last from, and various other queries, he at length found time to answer one important question of mine, viz., if he was a pilot for the Namsen, by replying in the negative. He could bring us anywhere but where we wanted to go. This was a sad disappointment; but it was in some degree made up to us by our being afforded an opportunity of sending letters to Trondiem, which my ever thoughtful companion had written during the morning, in anticipation of being able to post them at Namsen on the morrow—a feat he had not the least chance of being able to perform, at least I thought so at the time. After giving the poor fisherman some fresh water, for which he eagerly asked, and also

a dram of rum and a little biscuit, he shoved off from the vessel's side, hoisted his sail, and shortly disappeared in the mist; and we ourselves, letting draw the head sheets, stood away at east north-east for the Namsen.

CHAPTER III.

NORWAY.

Friday, June 21*st.*—At four o'clock, A.M., we spoke a smack running towards the Fiolden Fiord, and sailed past her. At five o'clock, A.M., hove the vessel to, and waited for the smack to come up with us, in the hope of procuring a pilot; but in this we were disappointed, and it was the more distressing as the weather was exceedingly thick, and we could with difficulty make out the land at all. Afterwards paid the vessel off, standing towards the land, and again hove to, hoisting the pilot jack, and presently saw a boat with two men sailing off: we were now sure all was right, and that a pilot once on board all our great anxiety would be terminated; however, this was not to be, for after the boat had approached within hailing distance, she changed her course, pulling and sailing away to windward, and the more we hailed, the more strenuously they seemed to avoid us. We immediately filled on the vessel again, and dashed away, close-hauled, after the fugitives; and although

their little bark was fast, our good ship was faster still, and we soon came up with them, when they evinced the greatest terror, pulling down their sail; but the moment we hove the vessel to they again made sail, flying away from us. We now determined, as we could not succeed in coaxing them to come to us, at least to give them a right good fright; so filling on the vessel, we once more bore down on them, when they again hauled down their sail, sitting trembling in their boat, seemingly nearly dead from fright; but the moment we passed them to leeward up went the sail, and they went off, probably congratulating each other on their happy escape from some phantom ship, manned by the wild rovers of the olden time. We now filled, and stood down the fiord after a Norwegian sloop, making her course ours, until we came abreast of the coast-guard house on the island of Moe. We here hove the vessel to, and taking four hands in the gig, I went off to the aforesaid house in search of a pilot, but I confess I had little hope of finding one. We landed on the slippery rocks just under the house, and scrambling up the cliff, I rapped loudly at the door, which, after a very considerable delay, was cautiously opened by a young lad, who, more asleep than awake, seemed perfectly horrified at the apparition, and keeping

the door about one inch open, he held forth a long, and to me nearly unintelligible harangue, after which he disappeared, cautiously bolting the door on the inside; however, he soon returned, to ask to what country we belonged, and on my replying that we were English, he uttered a long sleepy "yaw, yaw," and again vanished, but quickly came to invite me to a neat little apartment, where I was allowed to remain, when a white-haired youth made his bow and his appearance. I found little difficulty in explaining my wishes, and I was gratified at the intimation that I should have a "reete got lute, strax," which means a good pilot immediately. I now found that my pilot was to be no other than the intellectual individual who at the first so very cautiously received me; but on reflection, I could not feel surprised at his timidity, when I cast my eyes on the four stalwart men, who, in their rough sea-going clothes, stood outside, the foremost being a fine powerful fellow, my cockswain, who with a large red scarf around his neck, and huge bushy whiskers, stood leaning independently on his boat-hook. Altogether, we must have been a rather piratical-looking group. At length our pilot, having got on his day clothes, including his boots and never-omitted belt and knife, accompanied us, trembling visibly, and we pulled off

with our prize, who, on approaching the vessel, remarked in faltering accents, that I had got a great many people, but when he actually stood on the deck his agitation was intense—he trembled like a leaf. The vessel was now, by our pilot's direction, held on her course, with a fair wind and fresh; the gaff topsail was set, and away we flew, and shortly entered a narrow rocky channel between two islands, a circumstance so common in the navigation of the Norwegian fiords that I thought nothing about it, when suddenly our pilot, with the most outrageous gesticulation, ordered the anchor to be let go. I need not tell my nautical friends what it must be to let drop an anchor of seven or eight hundred weight from the bow of a hundred ton cutter under all sail, and this in a rocky channel not fifty yards wide; however, the thing was done, and we brought up all standing and all safe, but completely enlightened as to the inexperience of my pilot, who, as I afterwards found, intended bringing the vessel to Namsen by the numerous narrow fiords, which are only navigated by open fishing boats. As soon as the vessel was properly moored and all made snug, I went ashore on the island, and proceeded about an English mile to the "præst gaard," or priest's residence. I did not succeed in finding his reverence at

home; but met with a person in a sort of undress uniform, who, after an immensity of palaver, assisted me to procure an experienced pilot. I was most kindly treated by madame, the priest's spouse, a very nice lady-like person, and so clever as to understand my bad Norske, and to interpret for me; and having partaken of coffee and tobacco smoke, and dismissing the unfortunate wight who would be a pilot, I returned on board, and taking my friend, Benjamin, brought him over the tops of the hills on the island, and gave him his first view of Norwegian scenery. He was perfectly charmed with a view of the fiords, which lay smooth as a looking-glass, hundreds of feet beneath us. Thousands of islands the most picturesque lay everywhere scattered over the surface of the sea, forming a picture to be imagined better than described. After spending some hours in wandering about among the rocks, we returned on board, and found the officer of the coast-guard had arrived on board the vessel, and was busy in wondering at and admiring every thing he saw, and I should say felt, for he not only viewed, but actually felt with his hands the sofas, carpets, curtains, et cetera. I should, perhaps, mention he did not come on board in his official capacity. In the evening a large crowd of the natives, male

and female, sat perched on the rocks over the vessel, quite close, and fully as high as our top-mast head. A little later, and after the first party had broken up, it appeared as if the entire female population collected in the same place, and without a single male amongst them. Ben sung several songs for their entertainment, played the tambourine, and talked to them in English from the vessel—all to the infinite delight of his audience, some of whom imitated the sounds of his voice, if not his words, and at twelve o'clock at midnight the hills resounded with their laughter. I turned in considerably done up, having been on deck from four o'clock, A.M.; but I was not doomed to get much rest, for at half-past twelve o'clock the old pilot came on board, and rousing up all hands, the anchor was weighed; and as there was not the slightest breath of wind, two boats were sent ahead, and we towed the vessel out of the sound by the same way we had entered in the morning.

Saturday, June 22nd.—The sun was high in the heavens when I came on deck at half-past twelve o'clock, P.M., Dublin time. The morning, or night, whichever it might be called, was lovely; and as there was not an air of wind, we continued to tow out to sea with both boats until half-past four o'clock, A.M., when we got sail on the vessel,

and with a light air crept out of the fiord. But for our misfortune in not procuring a good pilot yesterday morning, we should have been safely moored at Spillem last evening; but we had no reason to grumble, seeing that we sailed from Dublin on the 18th May, arriving at Reikiavig, in Iceland, on the morning of the 26th, making the passage in seven days seventeen hours; and taking our departure from Portland's Huk, on the south-eastern coast of Iceland, at one o'clock, A.M., on Saturday, June 15th, we were laying at anchor in the Fiolden Fiord, on the coast of Norway, at eleven o'clock, A.M., on the morning of the 21st, making a passage of 971 miles in six days and eleven hours, during which we had twelve hours of dead calm: the entire time from our departure from Dublin being one month—a performance perhaps never equalled by any vessel in those latitudes. I was below at six o'clock, A.M., when I heard the word given "down gaff topsail;" I rushed on deck, when my ears were saluted with a deafening peal of thunder, and presently, "down foresail" was the order, and next, "let go the main," and we were instantly enveloped in a cloud of white foam, the gaff topsail flying away over the gaff end, having been blown out of the topmen's hands; and Benjamin appeared half-way up the companion in

his dressing-gown, having been scared from his comfortable berth by the sudden lurching of the vessel as she lay over to the blast. When the squall first struck her she heeled over under its force, and then made a furious dash forward, burying herself in the sea; but quickly answering her helm, she came up to the wind, shaking herself clear of the immense volume of foam in which, but a moment before, she seemed nearly smothered. The helm was now put hard a-lee, and the vessel came round in stays; her gib sheet remaining to windward, we jogged along through the remainder of the squall, which did not last more than five minutes, but was the most sudden and violent I ever experienced; even the large Nordland boats, although going right before it, lowered away every thing, running under bare poles. We soon took a pull on the main, and setting the foresail, turned out to sea with a strong breeze at south-west, and at nine o'clock, A.M., entered the Namsen Fiord, when the frequent and violent puffs of wind off the high land compelled us to take two reefs in the mainsail, and the same in the foresail; and, in fact, after making and shortening sail every half hour, the wind dropped altogether, and left us at the mercy of a strong current, which carried us back at the rate of a couple of knots an hour. However, the wind

suddenly again sprung up, and we dropped our anchor in Spillem Harbour at a quarter past two o'clock, P.M., one month and four days from Dublin, eighteen days of which we spent in Iceland. At three o'clock, P.M., the Custom-house officer came off, and from him I had intelligence of all my old friends in Namsos and Frondiem. The evening continued wet, as did the entire night.

Sunday, June 23rd.—Set in with strong wind, rain, and heavy squalls at intervals, which made the vessel to heel over at her moorings, even in this sheltered little creek of Spillem. The barometer, which had been going down since before the squall of yesterday morning, is now very low indeed. Had prayers in the cabin at eleven o'clock, A.M. Noon, the gale continuing, struck the topmast. I this day purchased a splendid salmon, thirty-four pounds weight, for the small sum of six shillings and eight pence; he was brought alongside by a man from Grandē, who took him in a stake-net. The storm continued to rage throughout the day; but, notwithstanding, many of my old friends came on board, and all evincing the greatest pleasure at meeting their acquaintances once more. Dinner just over when my great ally, Herr Smith, appeared; he had been up the country in his

woods, and hastened on board the moment he returned: he was just the same as when I last saw him, two years since; and spent his evening in like manner, smoking, eating ham, and drinking brandy punch. Just astern of us is an old block house on the water's edge; on its wall is painted in large black letters "Caprice," and underneath the letters "E. R.," the initials of Edward Richardson; he was one of our crew two years since, and at this place with us; he is now no more, he was drowned in Ringsend Basin a year since, and Benjamin again says, "telle est la vie."

Monday, June 24th.—Bonfires blazed on every hill last night, accompanied by numerous discharges of firearms. In Ireland the people say they light those fires in commemoration of the departure of the last of the Danes from their country; but I was informed here, by an intelligent Norwegian gentleman, that the custom prevails in Norway at a season when their corn crops are all looking green and luxuriant; and not alone as a token of thanks to the Almighty, but also of cheerful reliance on his goodness to prosper the work of their hands with a favourable harvest, in a climate where an untimely winter so often blights the hopes of the husbandman: this, as my friend truly said, is as fine a sentiment as can well be imagined. Taking into consideration

the Irish tradition, that the bonfires were to commemorate the departure of the Danes from the country, there can be scarcely a doubt that the custom in Ireland is one of Danish origin. In the afternoon we went ashore to Namsos, and paid a visit to my old and kind friends, Mr. and Madame Polsen; at six o'clock the former came off to dinner. This day had been all sunshine, but the evening showed symptoms of a change, and the night turned out one of heavy wet.

Tuesday, June 25th.—It was my intention this day to have driven over to Raumstadt, to see my friends in that quarter; but the morning set in wet and windy, so as to make an excursion to the Fielde (mountains), any thing but one of pleasure. At noon it blew a whole gale of wind at south-west, and Benjamin accompanied me to the little river of Seavig to fish for trout; we returned in the evening with forty-nine fish—no bad sport for one afternoon.

Wednesday, June 26th.—Set showery, with squalls. Benjamin goes to Seavig to fish; and I take the gig across the fiord to Namsos, to make arrangements for our journey to the Upper Namsen to-morrow. I afterwards went to look after seals, but did not see one. Soon after I returned on board I was called on deck to look at a fine fox, which was prowling about the

shore, close to the vessel, and the gun being loaded with large shot for the seals, I was put towards the shore in the boat; but Mr. Reynard scampered off into the woods, not allowing me to come within range: we saw him several times afterwards during our stay at Spillem, but we could never succeed in taking his skin. Benjamin returned at ten o'clock, P.M., with seventy-five trout—a capital day's sport.

Thursday, June 27th.—We expected to have heard from our friend Herr Smith yesterday, relative to our journey to Vœrum; but as we did not do so, we were obliged to defer our movement in that direction. At noon went over to Namsos to post letters for home; and afterwards Ben returned to the little river to fish for trout, and I took the cutter and a "seine," and tried two hauls on a sand bank on the opposite side of the river, but was only rewarded by the capture of a few flounders; James was more successful, as he returned at eight o'clock with forty-seven trout. The evening turned out wet.

Friday, June 28th.—Set in fair, with light airs and variable. At noon, went over to Namsos, where I met Herr Smith, with whom I arranged to start for my fishing station on the morrow. We afterwards went to the bowling-green, and spent an hour at ninepins, when we returned to

pack up our requisites for a lengthened stay upon the Upper Namsen. The weather is this day delightful.

Saturday, June 29th.—We were up and dressed at six o'clock, A.M., and all was bustle and hurry—such a packing of provisions, and collecting and securing of fishing-rods and gaffs, for our intended operations against the monsters of the Namsen. However, all was again quiet at nine, when Herr Smith appeared to breakfast; and having previously despatched a "*forebud*" with our heavy baggage, we stepped into the gig, and, accompanied by Herr Smith, we proceeded up the river as far as Hund; here we exchanged our boat for two carrioles, and pursued the remainder of our journey by land. On passing Grandē, I stopped to see my worthy friend Priest Leich, and after a short rest, pushed forward to our fishing quarters at Bœrre, where we arrived about six in the evening, and soon found ourselves comfortably settled down in a fine spacious house, within five minutes' walk of the river.

Sunday, June 30th.—At an early hour this morning all the neighbouring farmers were collected inside and outside our new habitation. They had all come to settle about the fishing of that portion of the river which belonged to each; and our worthy friend, Herr Smith, after consi-

derable palaver, having arranged every thing to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned, we closed the conference, and after breakfast drove over to visit our countrymen stationed higher up the river, and also to give my companion a sight of the far-famed waterfall of Fiskum Foss. On our arrival at Fossland, I was much disappointed at not finding my two brothers of the angle, Petre and Owen; but the veteran Solly, a veteran as regards his exploits on this splendid river, received us cordially, and we were afterwards during our stay indebted to him and Mr. Buckle for much of our sport on the Namsen. I now found that Mr. Buckle had got Fossland water, last year occupied by Major Owen, and that my friend Petre was supplanted by some one alike new to the Namsen and piscatorial science; Mr. Brettle was also replaced by some one of a similar description. On our return after seeing the fall we stopped at Rosett, and taking a boat from Jacob, we shot rapidly down the stream, and were at Bœrre at eleven at night to dinner.

Monday, July 1*st.*—We commenced operations this morning at an early hour. I began on the Vie water, my companion taking that of Bœrre. In this my first day of the season, I was most unsuccessful; but I was afterwards amply rewarded for the toil which, in common, all Namsen fisher-

men must undergo, if they expect to meet with sport worthy of a journey to a distant land. From this time until my leaving the river, my notes would be worth nothing; in fact, the only thing I should have to chronicle would be the number and weight of my fish, which will be found in the conclusion of my journal. Our time was now spent on the river or in bed, but the greatest portion certainly was on the former; and my success was greater than I could have hoped for, at least for the first ten days, after which time the weather became bright and awfully hot, with little wind, and the water rapidly decreasing in depth. And now the hardest work awaited me, as I was first obliged to fish only in the early morning, and after eight o'clock in the evening; and to accomplish this I had to walk two miles from my quarters to my fishing, out and home twice each day, making in all eight miles per day of walking. I was generally home to breakfast at ten o'clock, after my morning's fishing and walk of four miles; after breakfast I was obliged to sit down to manufacture flies until two or perhaps three o'clock, when I went to bed for two hours before dinner; then I sallied forth again, to return to a midnight supper at twelve or one, and then to bed until four next morning. I pursued this system with varied success, as did

also my friend Ben; but at length the water had gone down so much, and the weather became so bright, that he went off to Spillem to the ship, where he established a cricket club composed of the entire crew, and I was compelled to resort to night fishing altogether; indeed, during the latter part of my stay at Bœrre, our chance consisted solely in working by night. While we were both living in the same house at Bœrre we seldom saw each other, except on Sundays, as James was generally turning out of bed when I was coming in, and *vice versa;* and we were often puzzled to recollect the days of the week, and as for the days of the month, they were quite out of the question; indeed, but for our fishing account, and the payment of rowers, we should have lost our reckoning altogether. For the next few days after James's departure for the yacht I worked very hard, with little reward, but at length the fall of a little rain brought me a few fish, and induced him to return to Bœrre; but the water not rising in the river, and the weather again becoming bright and hot, he flitted, for the last time, from our quarters. I fished on, with exemplary patience, but my fish reduced in number as well as size, and I had arrived at single gut and flies of the smallest size, when, after two blank days, I prepared to take my

leave of the Namsen for the season. My two friends, Buckle and Solly, came over to dine with me on the evening previous to my flitting, and the latter agreed to return with me on board the yacht as far as Trondiem, on his way to his shooting quarters in the Dovrefield.

Sunday, July 28th.—Having packed up all my baggage, and a cargo of dried salmon, I left Bœrre, taking a boat down the river; I was accompanied to the water's edge by a concourse of people, who had been my rowers at Moum, Vie, and at Bœrre, as well as by all the female inhabitants of the latter; and after a cordial from my brandy flask to all around, and a cordial farewell on both sides, the boat shoved off, and I dropped gently down the now lazy stream of Old Namsen. It was midday when I reached Grandē; and it was not without a struggle I could resist the temptation of putting a rod together and trying a cast in this water, so well known to me, but never by me seen in so pure a state; I never fished it when it was clearer than if composed of lime and water, "half-and-half:" to add to the enticement, I saw two or three good fish spring over the water; however, I resisted all, and passed on my way. On arriving at Haugen, I saw the entire congregation, having just crossed the river on their return from church, and in vain

I endeavoured to discern amongst the crowd the stout person of my friend the priest, or the portly figure of his good spouse. Our voyage was pleasant enough until we came to the ferry at Hund, but here the wind got up strong against us, and, leaving the boat to work its tedious way, I got on shore, and after a little delay procured a carriole, and arrived on board the old ship at seven o'clock in the evening. I afterwards discovered that my unexpected appearance from the land side was a source of great disappointment, as preparations had been made, chiefly under the superintendence of the worthy Ben, to honour me with a salute of eleven guns; and for some hours previous to my arrival a look-out had been stationed on a neighbouring cliff, which commanded a good view of the river: all hands were taken aback, but in a small way consoled themselves by firing an evening gun.

Monday, July 29th.—I had deferred a visit to my kind friends at Raumstadt, until my return from the upper part of the river; and this morning promising fair weather, I left in a carriole for a ten miles' drive thither. I took my gun, and as light clothing as I could get, under the impression that I should have a long and hot walk through the forest from Halver's Gäärde to the Sætter of Raumstadt, judging that the family

would be all up there at the hay-making. Two hours fast driving in this hilly country brought me to the door of Halver's house, and to my surprise I was met at the portal by Bertha herself. I need not say I had a cordial greeting; her father was at the Sætter, but she had not been there this season; and after saying she would send for him, and that I should remain for the night, she disappeared. I thought she looked better and handsomer than ever. After a few minutes she returned, and conducted me into the best sitting-room, which had been finished since my last visit, and where a neat little luncheon, consisting of the usual Norwegian delicacies was set out. I had come prepared with a few little presents for herself and her married sister, which she took with tears in her eyes, and I began to perceive that her spirits were not the same as when I had seen her two years since. However a little time revealed the whole. She was ill, and had not been in good health since the last summer—a cough, pain in her side and chest, and, as she herself expressed it, "very sick." I endeavoured to persuade her that her illness was imaginary, but she would not allow it to be so; and although she was occasionally cheerful, it was quite evident that she was under considerable apprehension her life would not be a

long one; she complained bitterly she could not dance now, nor even bear the motion of the carriole on Sundays to get to kirk; yet, as I before said, she did not look more delicate than at my previous visit. In the evening old Halver returned and gave me a hearty welcome, and after a cup of coffee and a pipe he took me over his farm, which looked as luxuriant as his fondest hopes could desire. On our return to the house we had, of course, coffee and every thing poor Bertha could think of to heap on the table; and after a rather difficult chat with the old man about things English and things Norske, I was, in common with the entire household part, asleep at ten o'clock. They were, however, all astir again at four o'clock in the morning; and as I came down stairs at five, I met Bertha then coming into the room with my morning cup of coffee. I advised her to try change of air and eschew the doctors, and after breakfast took my leave of the hospitable Gāārde of Raumstadt. Old Halver volunteered to drive me to Spillem in a handsome new gig, built by himself and his son, and we were drawn by the finest horse I had yet seen in Norway. Halver accompanied me on board the vessel, and after giving him a substantial luncheon, I sent him home with some light wine, jellies, and other trifles, in the hope they might be of some use to

his daughter. The weather so hot, that the awning which had been in use for nearly three weeks, and unrigged for the last few days, is again got up over the deck.

Wednesday, July 31*st.*—Set in with rain and light airs. Settled with a pilot who is to take us to Trondiem, as well as with another who, having just brought in a ship from Bergen, is to take us thither from Trondiem. Bertha's brother came on board bringing two lambs and a fine tub of beautiful butter. Herr Smith called to take leave, and at seven o'clock our friend Solly appeared on the beach with his carriole and baggage, the dog "Bell" included, all of which was speedily shipped and stowed away.

Thursday, August 1*st.*—Set in wet and squally; but as we had made up our minds for a start on this day we got our pilot on board, and at eleven o'clock, A.M., weighed and stood out of the snug little harbour of Spillem, with the wind at south-west and dead against us. We continued during this day to turn to windward down the fiord, but on getting outside we found a good deal of sea "on;" and finding the wind and strong tide both opposed to us, we could make so little progress, that at half-past seven o'clock, P.M., we bore up for the little harbour of Bierre, a short way to the northward of Villa lighthouse, where we

found several large Nordland boats and a revenue cruiser, all wind-bound. During the night the wind continued strong at west north-west, with heavy rain.

Friday, August 2nd.—Commenced with rain, which however cleared off about noon. With Solly in company went ashore on a neighbouring island, and during a walk of perhaps three hours, we succeeded in bagging five brace of rhypur (ptarmigan), and as we fell in with two large packs we should have got many more, but for the broken and intricate nature of the country. We returned on board again at five o'clock, P.M., not a little proud of bringing in such an addition to our stock of fresh provisions.

Saturday, August 3rd.—Got under weigh at half-past nine o'clock, A.M., and commenced turning to windward against a fresh breeze at south-west, and passed the Villa lighthouse at twelve o'clock, noon, with a good deal of sea running. At three o'clock, P.M., turned into the Fiords, and continued to beat to windward until seven o'clock, P.M., when the wind coming on to blow stronger took a second reef in the mainsail and reefed foresail; but the weather every moment looking worse, we bore up for the little harbour of Krokoe, where we came to an anchor in five fathoms and smooth water. The weather was exceedingly

bad during the night and very thick, with rain and squalls.

Sunday, August 4th.—Set in with rain and heavy squalls at south-west, and the barometer very depressed. At noon, had prayers in the cabin, and a good congregation. At three o'clock, P.M., the weather looked a little better, and the mercury inclined to rise. Went ashore for a walk, and returned on board at six o'clock, P.M.

Monday, August 5th.—The wind shifted during the night, and at four o'clock, A.M., with the wind at north-east, we stood out of the Sound of Krokoe under all sail. My companions, Solly and James, rigged a target, which towed after the vessel, and great was the rifle practice preparatory to our intended feats in the Fielde. At half-past five o'clock, P.M., passed Agnos lighthouse, with the wind very light at north-east, and showery weather; and at twelve o'clock, P.M., dropped anchor once more in the roadstead of Old Trondiem.

Tuesday, August 6th—Was devoted to visiting our friend Mr. Broder Knudtzon, as well as to making purchases and transacting various matters of business, such as looking out for a supply of ship stores, &c. We were this day feasted with fruit, vegetables, and potatoes, all of which had long been strangers at our mess, since our

Dublin supply of garden produce vanished. A few days after our arrival in Iceland we had not seen even a cabbage leaf; and I shall not soon forget the delights of our dinner this day, with its salad and young onions, green peas and genuine new potatoes, and young cabbages. A man must live on board ship for a couple of months on salt beef and fish, and either mouldy bread or biscuit, to be able really to relish the above-mentioned delicacies, to say nothing of the cucumbers, and even radishes.

Wednesday, August 7th.—Solly, James, and myself dined with Mr. Knudtzon, at his delightful residence Lillegäärden, near Trondiem, where we met three English tourists and would-be sportsmen. Our kind host entertained us in the nicest style, and after a delightful evening we returned on board at eleven o'clock, P.M.

Thursday, August 8th.—Accompanied by Solly and Benjamin, and attended by the boy Bill, we started on foot for Lairne, to have a try for salmon in the waters of the famed Nid, aud also to pay a visit to my friend Mr. Oveson, whom we met when about half way between Trondiem and his own house, Lairne. He would return with us, and putting little Bill, who was evidently beginning to feel fagged, into his carriole, we all walked on together. After a right good luncheon,

and an hour's rest, we proceeded to the river, when, leaving Benjamin with Mr. Oveson's boatman to fish the upper pool, Solly and myself, with little Bill in company, followed the course of the river downward towards Trondiem, fishing the most likely spots in our way. However, the Nid suffered quite as much from the long run of dry weather as the old Namsen, and but two salmon and one white trout fell to our lot, all of which were very cleverly gaffed by Bill, to Solly's great delight. At half-past seven o'clock we abandoned the pursuit, and after a very harassing walk, carrying our three fish, with rod and gaff, we arrived on board at nine o'clock.

Friday, August 9th.—I had Mr. Oveson and Mr. Knudtzon to dinner, and in the evening, under Benjamin's management, there was a masquerade got up amongst "the people," to the great amusement of our guests; and, as usual, the boy Bill bore a conspicuous part, appearing to very great advantage in a new mask presented to him during the morning, of course, by Mr. Benjamin James, who patronised all his frolics. We had, since our arrival, laid in all our stores, of which we were in need, as well as filled up with coals and water, and now only awaited the arrival of the mail to sail to the southward.

Saturday, August 10th.—Mr. Solly went off

this morning to his shooting quarters at Nebye-i-Tonset. We got our letters from home, of July 27th, and were immediately off from our moorings with so little wind that we towed the vessel into the offing, where we had light airs in flows off the land, which kept us beating about the fiord the entire day. The weather was lovely, and the scenery unrivalled; and although we made little way on our voyage, we could scarcely complain of being detained in the beautiful Fiord of Trondiem.

Sunday, August 11th.—It was not until seven o'clock, A.M., that we passed the Agnos lighthouse, with a light air against us; but at ten o'clock, A.M., the wind shifted to north-west, when we set the squaresail and large gaff-topsail, and with the wind still light but fair, and a clear blue sky, we glided smoothly on our course towards Christiansund. At eleven o'clock, A.M., off the Lixen Islands with lovely weather; and at a quarter-past three, P.M., passed the Hitteren lighthouse, and exchanged colours with the "Told;" and at eight o'clock, P.M., abreast of Smoelen lighthouse; and at eleven o'clock, P.M., off Christiansund, all becalmed, and sent the cutter ahead to endeavour to tow us into the harbour.

Monday, August 12th.—At two o'clock, A.M., the tide setting strong against us, sent a second

boat ahead, and after an hour of rather tough work, let our anchor go in the harbour of Christiansund, in twenty fathoms. The day continued without rain, and very warm. Went ashore and met some of my former acquaintances, and exchanged some English money. At three o'clock, P.M., the wind dropped round to south-west, and a Spanish brig, which sailed in the morning for the southward, came back with a strong breeze. This evening I sent Master Bill, who was sculling the cutter round the vessel for his amusement, to find the name of a schooner laying a little way off. I anticipated the result, as immediately he got into the rough water, he went rapidly to leeward; and although his struggles to get back to his ship were great, and his contrivances to work a large boat to windward with one oar were most ingenious, he was apparently doomed to be drifted to the opposite side of the harbour. We had watched him from the deck, and intended sending a boat to his assistance, but were anticipated by some friendly Norwegian, who came to the rescue, and afterwards several boats collected round him, and numerous telescopes were brought to bear, from the balconies along the quay, on the little cast-away; however, we sent the gig off to his assistance, with a couple of spare hands, who

soon brought him on board, with a good appetite for his dinner, and a long yarn relative to his adventure.

Tuesday, August 13th.—Weighed at five o'clock, A.M., with the wind at east, and stood away down the coast to the westward, for Molde. We had a most delightful sail along shore, and through the islands, passing Quitholm lighthouse at ten o'clock, A.M. The scenery is splendid, perhaps some of the finest mountain scenery in the world. At six o'clock, P.M., we were abreast of Haroen, but how different every thing looks under the influence of a clear blue sky and warm sun; two years since I was weather-bound on its cold shores for three days of storm and rain. At eight o'clock, P.M., we entered the narrow fiord on the east of the mountain island of Otteroe, where we found ourselves sailing up a gorge between mountains whose tops were nearly a thousand feet above us; and at the farther end, perhaps some twenty miles distant, the background of the picture was formed by a conical mountain dimly appearing through the blue mist of the evening, and apparently closing up the passage by which we intended getting out of the fiord. Much as I had seen of the beauty of the Norwegian fiords, I had not yet seen any thing to equal this. At nine

o'clock, P.M., the wind dropped off altogether, leaving us at the mercy of a strong current, which was rapidly carrying us back by the way we had come in; however, sending both the gig and cutter ahead, and, after a long pull and a strong pull, the vessel was towed into the little harbour of Tjenner, where we were safely moored at eleven o'clock, P.M., on all sides surrounded by lofty mountains, which rose perpendicularly from the surface of the little basin in which we lay. We here produced a magnificent echo, by firing off one of our four-pounder guns, which feat was performed by the boy Bill, who evinced considerable nervousness at his first essay in gunnery practice.

Wednesday, August 14*th.*—Set in with a down-pouring of rain, such as can be seen, I believe, nowhere but in Norway; it lasted till noon, when the wind getting up fresh from the westward, we procured a pilot to take the vessel to Veblungsness, and were speedily running out of the harbour under a two-reefed mainsail, foresail, and third gib. Our course up the fiord was south-east and after we got out of the narrow fiord of Tjenner, the most lovely landscapes opened in quick succession to our view, the passing of each headland disclosing them almost as one might turn over the leaves of a portfolio. We left Molde, with its beautiful scenery of wood and

mountain, perhaps ten miles on our port hand; and hauling up a little to the eastward, entered the Raumsdahl Fiord, which at its entrance does not exceed in breadth twelve hundred yards, and on either side the mountains rising in a perpendicular cliff to the height of over three thousand feet. Those cliffs were in most places clothed with a copse of stunted pine and dwarf birch nearly to the top; and their varied tints, as they became subject to the alternate cloud and sunshine, formed a picture not to be copied by mortal hand. In many instances large masses of pure snow filled the deep gullies, which were inaccessible to the sun's rays; and where a view of the more distant background could be obtained, through the neighbouring valleys, large fields of snow appeared to cover all things. We had sailed about twenty miles from Tjenner, our anchorage of last night, when the harbour of Veblungsness appeared to us, and at six o'clock, P.M., we moored the vessel in six fathoms, and smooth water. We here found the schooner yacht "Coral Queen," 117 tons, Lord W. Beresford. As I was most anxious to get off to my shooting ground with as little delay as possible, Ben and I went ashore at eight o'clock, P.M., and having sent off a "*forebud*," and ordered carrioles, we returned on board to make preparations for our

fifty miles' journey to the Dovrefield, where our operations in pursuit of the reindeer were to commence. We also wrote some letters to Ireland, to be taken by the "Coral Queen," which was under orders to sail to-morrow.

Thursday, August 15th.—Saw my companion and myself with two carrioles well packed with provisions, and all the apparatus necessary for a campaign against the reindeer—guns and rifles, in cases and out of cases; and lest we might discover a good lake or river, fishing-rods and gaffs were added to the equipment, and were strapped about us in every possible manner; and with little space for our own personal occupation, we were squeezed into our carrioles, and fairly on the road at ten o'clock, A.M., having luckily the most charming weather for our journey. By the advice of my friend, Mr. Oveson, I had decided on making Lesjovœrk my head quarters, as being nearly in the centre of the tract of country I intended to hunt over, and we hoped to reach this, our destination, in one day. Our route lay through the valley of the Raumsdahl, perhaps unequalled for its lovely scenery by any in the world; even my friend Benjamin was reluctantly obliged to confess that nothing he had seen in Switzerland surpassed it. Through the bottom of a narrow valley, enclosed on both its sides by an almost

impassable barrier of snow-capped mountains, which in most cases presented towards the valley a perpendicular cliff of several hundred feet in height, runs the troubled stream of the Raumsdahl river, its pure and transparent water bearing that delicate turquoise colour, peculiar to almost all rivers flowing from a district of perpetual snow; its banks covered with a luxuriant copse of alder, birch, hazel, and various other trees unknown in less sheltered localities in the country, and occasional clearings exposed the comfortable "Gāārde" or homestead, and often the small but neat cottage of the less wealthy farmer or "boer," while on all sides hundreds of silvery cascades dashed from the mountain top in uninterrupted descent to the valley beneath. The weather, I said before, was delightful; in fact, it was all that the most difficult of individuals to please (I, of course, except a fisherman) could desire, so that our drive through this peaceful valley was perfectly enchanting; and although our journey, owing to the road lying along the river banks, and consequently all, as the coachmen say, "on the collar," was slow in the extreme, the hours flew by imperceptibly. At Ormen, our half-way station, I was agreeably surprised to find that I was to have for my companion a sprightly damsel, whose *naïve* observations and laughter at my

blunders in her language, made this stage pass as quickly as the preceding ones. The lady was the owner of the horse and carriole; and having informed me that her father was a great hunter and fisherman, she asked me to call at their house on my return. At our next stage, or as it is called here, "schift," we were saluted by the unwelcome intelligence, that two Englishmen named West, had passed on to take up their quarters at Lesjovœrk, and for the purpose of hunting reindeer; to confirm this piece of disagreeable news, we were shown their names written in the road-book, as Messrs. West, "from Bristol;" we could only wish them, with all charity, in the bottom of their native channel, and then came another piece of news of no very cheering nature; this was, that there would be a "sessionen" or military court held at Lesjovœrk on the morrow, and that consequently the house would be this night full to overflowing, and no possibility of procuring beds. Taking all those untoward circumstances into consideration, we resolved to stop for the night at Hölmen, a stage short of our journey's end; accordingly we hastened the harnessing of our fresh horses, and having gradually emerged from the deep valley, in which we had been travelling, we entered upon a more uninteresting tract of country; and plying the whip with increased vigour,

we reined in our panting steeds before the station-house of Hölmen, which presented a most cheerless prospect for us, weary travellers; and that prospect was most fully borne out. Two or three lazy fellows stood looking calmly on, while Benjamin assisted me to unstrap our luggage and carry it into the house. We had fortunately dined on a lovely spot on the roadside some hours earlier, or else our position would have been deplorable, for we had a filthy house, filthy beds, and a good cup of coffee; consequently we did not trouble our very ancient hostess for any display of her culinary skill. We were in our wretched beds at eleven o'clock, but our sleep was murdered, and the ghost of Macbeth was guiltless of the deed.

Friday, August 16th.—We were again on the road at six o'clock, A.M., and as our remaining distance was but one Norske mile, or seven English, we alighted at the door of Lesjovœrk a little before nine o'clock. There was an immense crowd of peasantry outside of the house, and a crowd of military officers in full uniform within; and it was not without threats of going to look for other lodgings that we succeeded in getting our breakfast, in a dirty little hole of a room, inside of that in which the court was being held. We were now relieved to find that the two dreaded parties from Bristol had not tarried here,

so that with better spirits, and in better temper, I despatched a messenger for the deer hunter, Erland Holseth, and putting my rod together, proceeded to a neighbouring lake to catch my dinner, leaving Ben to look after the baggage, and set the house in order as soon as the court should have been dissolved. I succeeded in my undertaking, having secured a goodly store of trout, and several small grayling, which the natives here call "hore;" it is an excellent fish to eat. On my return I found that the crowd had dispersed and the court adjourned, and the worthy Benjamin in full and undisputed possession of a large and handsome apartment; its walls were covered with oiled cloth, representing the noble sport of stag hunting in all its phases, and divided into compartments by tarnished gilt mouldings, the intervals between the hunting scenes being filled up with birds of gaudy plumage and flowers of every tint and form, which did infinite honour to the imagination of the painter, whose inventive talent appeared to be boundless. A small apartment similarly decorated and opening into the sitting-room was to be our common dormitory. When I say that the embellishments of our quarters were in such perfect harmony with our present pursuits, I state merely a curious fact—but what! when I add that at six o'clock we found

ourselves seated opposite a dish of the most savoury venison steaks, whose fragrant fumes would have quickened the appetite of the most pampered London alderman; and surely all this must be, we thought, ominous of our success. Anxious for the advent of the day which was to witness our first essay in the Dovrefield, we retired early to our beds, and next morning mutually accused each other of talking of stag hunting in our troubled dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOVREFIELD.

Saturday, August 17th.—We breakfasted at six o'clock, and laid in a good stock of provisions into our knapsacks. We started for the field. We were accompanied by our two hunters, Erland Holseth and Pere, the son of our host, or as he was generally called, "Pere Vœrket." Each hunter brought his deer-hound; and we were provided with two horses to take us up the first range of mountain, to the neighbourhood of Field. We were fairly off from the Gāārde of Lesjovœrk at seven o'clock; and we took our way across the valley, and through a thick wood of pine, with which it was filled, and which also extended a considerable distance up the opposite mountains. The morning was exceedingly hot and sultry during our passage through the forest, but having emerged from which the air became cold, and our ascent became so arduous, and the path so steep, that it was not without difficulty we could keep on our horses' backs, holding on by the mane, and having resort to various ludicrous expedients to avoid

the disagreeable event of slipping over the tail. Something more than an hour of hard scrambling brought us to a point where our cavalry could be no longer useful; we put the saddles in a heap, made a mark of stones to show their position on our return, and allowed the horses to roam in search of pasture. We now proceeded at rather a quick pace, gradually gaining higher ground and a colder climate. At ten o'clock we halted, and with appetites such as I believe a similar atmosphere can alone give, we sat down and eat like wolves; and having loaded our rifles and put the hounds in leash, we again proceeded, stopping occasionally to examine the surrounding country in search of game, with the aid of a good telescope, a luxury with which our companions had never before been blessed. We pursued our way for some hours, continually ascending, although gradually, but unable to discover any thing like game; and about midday we found ourselves traversing fields of perpetual snow, which rendered our uphill walking very laborious. We stopped often to partake of the frugal contents of our knapsacks, and parched with thirst, we continually drank of the pure and clear snow water which trickled through the numerous rocky ravines. Perspiration pouring from our faces, if we sat down for

three minutes to take breath, the cold blast seemed to cut us to the bone; in fine, assailed by showers of snow, sleet, and hail alternately, and after a harassing walk of twenty-five or thirty miles, we returned at seven in the evening to find our saddles, as we had left them, but our steeds were gone. Our guides went off in search of the strayed horses, and my companion and I gladly availed ourselves of a projecting bank, which afforded us some little shelter from the cold blast, and rest our weary limbs. Awaiting their return until nearly frozen to death, we held a council, and after various arguments for and against the project, we at length determined to endeavour to reach home, even at the risk of losing ourselves in the forest which lay beneath us in the valley, between us and the Gäärde of Lesjovœrk; any thing, we thought, was better than the cold of this dismal mountain, and off we went. Fortunately we had not got far down the side of the mountain, when we fell in with a path which seemed to lead in a right direction; we pursued our way doubtingly, until we were overtaken by one of the deer-hounds, whose appearance on our homeward way gave us assurance that we were on the right track; keeping the dog in the rere. Whenever a doubtful course presented itself, we made

him take the lead, and thus after a long walk we eventually arrived at Lesjovœrk to supper and to bed.

Sunday, August 18*th.*—Ben came out "amiss," as they say of the race-horses: he gave his leg a strain yesterday, and could scarcely move to-day. I went to the lake and caught some fish for dinner.

Monday, August 19*th.*—In nothing daunted by our failure on Saturday, I again determined to brave the Field on this day, and also to take up my quarters for a short time at a Bönde (pronounced here Boon), or hunting lodge belonging to my man Erland; it was situated on the shore of a mountain lake, about fourteen English miles from Lesjovœrk, which was also the nearest human habitation. My companion, Benjamin, was unable even this day to accompany me, but he expected that another entire day of rest would enable him to join me in the chase. I was consequently, with reluctance, obliged to leave him, and at six o'clock, A.M., I was fairly "under weigh," accompanied, of course, by Erland and his hound Victor, as well as by Pere Vœrket, who took up a horse laden with a few necessaries packed in panniers, and he also took his hound and rifle. A bright and sunshiny morning it was when we left the valley of Lesjovœrk, so much so, that I could

with difficulty bring myself to believe what I knew to be the fact, that I should before the lapse of three hours find myself plunged into the cold of a gloomy winter. However, onward we went, and sometimes I sat perched high on the top of a load, which was secured on the back of our hardy little horse; sometimes where the mountain was too steep to ride, I walked with my companions, and often as we passed through the forest did we flush the noble "Tyhur," known to us as the Capercalzie. At length we got clear of the hot and close atmosphere of the forest, and topped the first range of mountains which hem in the valley; here we entered on an uneven plain or broken table-land, interspersed with numerous small rocky eminences, and little lakes of clear blue water, and from this comparatively flat tract do all the loftier mountains of the Dovrefield take their rise. At ten o'clock, hungry as wolves, we took the panniers from the horse, and turned him to graze on the stunted grass and heather, and opening up our knapsacks, we sat down to discuss their contents; we were all busily munching away, when Erland, always on the *qui vive*, took up the telescope, and after a few moments' observation, he pointed to two dark spots on a field of snow, about three miles distant. I took the glass, and to my great delight I saw two large

deer laying down: and we also thought we could discern a herd of twenty or thirty more a little distance in the rere of the two we could see plainly. Our breakfast was now soon finished, or at least, its conclusion was deferred for the present. Our first care was, to "hobble" the horse, put the panniers into a heap, and covering all with a pigskin to protect them from wet, we loaded our rifles, put the hounds in leash, and strapping on our knapsacks, we started at a brisk pace in pursuit. As we approached within half a mile, we could plainly perceive that there were no more than the two first seen, and that they had risen, and were slowly moving off the snow, and coming amongst the rocks commenced feeding. We were now under the necessity of approaching them with caution, as there was so little wind that it was only by throwing up small bits of light and dry wool that Erland could discover in which direction it was blowing, and we found the light breeze to be most unsteady, and very unfavourable for our chance of success. However, as the old saying goes, that "faint heart never won fair lady," we determined on an attempt, and taking the dry gully of a river, we crept noiselessly over the loose stones, and had reached within the distance of five hundred paces, when the fickle wind shifted towards the deer;

they stopped feeding, and quickly snuffing the tainted air, to our great mortification we beheld the noble animals move slowly away. Foiled we were, for the present at least. We despatched Pere to take his horse onwards to the Bönde, while Erland and myself pursued our game, taking the direction in which they had gone at an awful pace. At our first attempt to get within range of our game this morning Erland exchanged his coat, which was of dark cloth, for one of gray sheepskin; his cap as well as his other garments were of a similar hue; and I exchanged my dark jacket for one of grayish jean; but my cap being of black sealskin, and consequently in direct opposition, as to colour, with Erland's views of propriety in deer-stalking, and having no other I was fain to take Rory O'More's advice to Kathleen Bawn, and turn it "just inside out;" thus were we less likely to attract the observation of our chase, as the rocky valleys through which we generally crept, were all composed of a lightish gray granite. Hill and dale, river and ravine were passed with rapid strides, my hardy guide, to use a sporting phrase, "making the running." When in about three hours we came on the spöhr of the two fugitives, and shortly afterwards beheld them crossing a field of snow, some miles in advance; but as they were still on the

move, and not inclined to rest, we were sorrowfully obliged to relinquish the chase, and strike off direct for the Bönde, where we arrived at eight o'clock, P.M., considerably done up. We found that Pere had arrived half an hour previous, and had lighted a fire, and collected a stock of brushwood, sufficient fuel for the night. Fortunately for me I came in dry. I had been wet through during the early part of the day, and dreaded coming wet to the hut, where, of course, I had no change of dress; I had, however, luckily sufficient good weather to dry my clothes before I reached it. Pere had fettered his horse, and piled the baggage in a heap outside the door, and set the house in order. Such a house! I did not see it until I was nearly standing on its roof.

Close to the shore of one of the numerous mountain lakes, which are everywhere scattered over this gloomy region, was situated the Bönde, or solitary hunting lodge of my friend Erland; it was established by some member of his family for more than twenty years. In the front of a small rocky eminence there was a pit scooped out, lined with large flags of granite, and raised a little above the surface, at least in front, with rough blocks of the same material, abundance of which lay thickly strewn around. It was of no

greater dimensions than would permit its being covered over with large slabs, rudely and strongly overlapping each other; it was thus admirably adapted to resist both rain and storm, and from its being nearly buried in the ground, there were few crevices through which the cold blast could penetrate. Internally, it was of no describable shape, and was in dimensions perhaps six feet every way, with a roomy fireplace and ample chimney. Its height, being under four feet, did not, of course, admit of a man of ordinary stature standing upright; this, however, was a matter of the least importance to a tired hunter. Its internal fittings consisted of a stone bench, which served as a seat by day and a bed by night, with a sort of locker underneath, to which it was difficult to find access, except to the initiated. There were also two stone shelves, and, with the exception of the door, there was no timber used in the construction of the Bönde. The door was two feet high and eighteen inches wide, all chinks and crevices carefully lapped over with strips of reindeer skin. It was on a level with the ground outside, but entering on all fours, there was a considerable drop, as the floor was much lower. The furniture consisted of two wooden spoons, one wooden platter, and a wooden bowl, also a copper pan, which served for all descriptions

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The Bönde
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of cookery, from coffee to fried fish. I had nearly forgotten a real pigskin, with its bristles uppermost, which served to cover the stone couch, but which did not in any degree add to its softness. Immediately on our arrival, Erland's first care was, to take his nets from a small chamber in the rocks, where they lay secured from the weather by a large slab; his oars were concealed somewhere else; and having shot his nets for the night, he and Pere returned to the lodge, where I had a good fire blazing; Erland cooked a large mess of barleymeal porridge called "Grout," and we all eat of it. The best place on the hard couch was allotted to me, and buttoning on my great coat, which came up with the baggage, and putting my knapsack under my head, I lay down for the night, Pere lying next me, and Erland and the two hounds occupying some dry moss on the floor, which was scarcely large enough to contain them, being pretty much about the shape and size of the well of an Irish jaunting car. Our bed was hard, but our day's work was harder, and the fatigue of the latter ruled the night, and I slept like a top.

Tuesday, August 20th—Dawned wet and snowy. I hope my brother sportsmen in Ireland have better weather to commence their grouse shooting. Erland and Pere haul the nets, and

bring in some delicious trout, which, of course, are cooked for breakfast, after which Pere starts for home, with a scrape from me for Benjamin, inscribed on a piece of old newspaper, with a bit of charcoal, to inform him of my goings on. The horse remains with us, as we hope to require his assistance to bring home our game. The day continued to snow and hail by turns, until the evening. I was unoccupied and Erland collected fuel, popping his head out of the doorway every moment to observe the state of the weather, as well as in carving pipestoppers from old reindeer horns, which lay everywhere scattered around the hut. We did not shoot our nets this night, as, like all other savages, we were not driven to it by want of food. The weather cleared toward evening. We cleaned our rifles for to-morrow, and went to sleep, if not to bed.

Wednesday, August 21st—Was a day never to be forgotten in my humble sporting career. The morning was bright, with a strong and steady wind, which left the tops of the higher mountains of the Dovre nearly clear of scud. Erland and I eat a hearty and hasty breakfast, and buckling on our knapsacks, at half-past six o'clock went off from the hut in a north-westerly direction. After a walk of about two hours, during which we had attained considerably higher ground, we stopped

to load our rifles and put Mr. Victor in the leash, and very shortly after we came on the fresh spöhr of several deer. The hound, quickly acknowledging the scent, now led the way, taking us over a tract of broken and rocky ground, in a perfectly straight line, from which we only swerved to avoid a precipice or chasm, which occasionally crossed our path. The weather now suddenly changed for the worse, with severe and frequent showers of hail and snow; and as our course in following up the hound was necessarily right against the wind, we were often unable to see fifty yards before us: our hair and whiskers were clogged with half-frozen snow; and at eleven o'clock we were obliged to halt, in the hope of getting clearer weather to approach our game. We had stopped perhaps twenty minutes, and were nearly frozen,when the scud cleared off, and we again proceeded, and scrambling down the face of a high cliff, we got into a deep ravine filled with snow, on which we ran, and slipped down a steep descent for a considerable distance, to the bottom of a neighbouring valley. Here Victor began to show the anxiety and eagerness which he always evinced on his near approach to the deer, standing on his hinder legs, and watching intently, as if he expected to see them right before him. It now became necessary to recon-

noitre; our knapsacks were taken off, and Victor being secured thereto, we uncovered our rifles, and with stealthy steps went forward through the dry bed of a river, and then creeping on all fours round a little rocky hill, my companion went in advance, and, from behind some large stones, got a view of the object of our pursuit, to wit, nine deer, all lying down on a smooth spot of ground a little way before him. Erland immediately crept back, and having given me advice as to when and how the onslaught should be made, we endeavoured to approach nearer to the herd, when some of them, occupying higher ground than the rest, saw us and instantly alarmed their companions. In a moment they were all on their legs, and, as is their custom, turned round to look before their flight. We then perceived that they were all out of range, with the exception of one large stag, and even he was rather too far for my small Kentucky rifle; however, the chance was not to be lost. Erland whispered "Skute." I fired; the stag tottered for a second, and then fell over heavily, when Erland rushing up plunged his knife into the spine, close at the back of the skull, and the noble beast was lifeless. Thus fell my first reindeer, after the most exciting chase, and can only be imagined by those few who have experienced successful deer-

stalking on the Norwegian Field. My shot was not one to please Erland, the ball entering the side near the flank, but coming out in a good place, behind the shoulder, on the opposite side; however, Erland was polite enough to say that the fault was with the rifle, and I would fain believe him right. My gun was too small for so long a range. It was now twelve o'clock, just three hours since we first met the spöhr; and as we were in all more than five hours from the Bönde, we lost no time in putting on a second jacket, and at once commencing the process of flaying and cleaning, and I could not have believed that I was so clever in the butchering department. The operation was laborious enough, for there was but little water, and that little at a distance of nearly two hundred yards down the hill, so that we were obliged to carry the quarters from the spot where the animal fell first to the water, and then to a place considerably higher up, where we found a convenient place to bury it, secure from the wolves and foxes, who would no doubt endeavour to partake of the spoil, and we were much too distant from the Bönde to return for the horse to fetch our booty home. Having chosen a place to deposit the carcase, between two large rocks, we commenced to build it over with stones as large as we could carry or

roll over, and Erland having thrust a few bits of gun-wadding into the crevices, the smell of which he said would scare the wolves, he pronounced the operation to be "meget got," or, in plain English, very good. We next piled a few stones on the top of a neighbouring rock, to mark the place, and sat down right well tired, and with the best possible inclination to devour the frugal contents of our knapsacks.

A wilder situation, and a wilder scene, could not be fancied: nearly on the top of a lofty mountain; the snow below us and above us; the blue water of the Fiord washing the base of the lofty cliff; at a little distance the deep valley of Ekisdahl, hundreds of feet beneath, with its river foaming away, white as a thread of silver, into the blue sea. What a subject for a painter would that wild scene have made. The dead stag, the men stooping over him, the hound impatient for his share of the spoil, the rugged cliffs—all. But my companion saw it not; too familiar with similar situations, he thought of the stag, the flesh, the skin. We were now many miles from our humble lodge. The Gāārde of Ekisdahl lay temptingly beneath us. We were in a good hunting district, and I proposed turning our steps thither for the night; but Erland put an end to the scheme by informing me that the Gāārde was unapproach-

able from our present position, from the steepness of the mountain side, and therefore there was nothing else for us but a long tramp to the Bönde. First making a circuit of an adjoining hill, in the hope of seeing more deer, we at length turned our steps homeward, and after a sharp walk of nearly five hours, we reached our little home at nine o'clock, after an absence of nearly fourteen hours. During the walk home I got my foot jammed between two rocks, and gave my knee a slight wrench, which, although it did not at the time give me much pain, proved afterwards a great misfortune. Immediately on our arrival our first care was to shoot the nets, so as to secure a good breakfast, as our provisions now began to run rather low, and we had most unaccountably forgotten to bring home a little fresh venison; at least we did not recollect it till the carcase was securely buried in the stones, when of course it was too late to think about it. It was dark when we returned from the lake. We crept into our hut, struck a light, cooked some grout for supper, and went to sleep.

Thursday, August 22*nd*.—Erland awoke me from a sound sleep long before sunrise to take up the nets, and on coming out of the hut we found there had been an intense frost. The water in our coffee-pot was frozen in a solid mass; and our

horse, hardy as he was, spent the night with his back to the wall of the hut outside the fireplace. There was also a fierce and cold wind, but the mountains were tolerably free from scud, and altogether the day looked propitious. This morning, as we sat down to breakfast upon the fish we had just caught, I observed to Erland that we had but little milk remaining wherewith to eat our grout, which also formed part of our morning meal, as the little vessel in which we carried two or three days' supply was now nearly empty. He replied that we had sufficient to serve us for three days to come. Now, as I had seen no other milk-vessel than the one now almost exhausted, I inquired where the new supply was to come from. He said his "father's brother" had some in a hole in the lake; and running to the shore he soon returned with a similar vessel containing excellent rich milk; but Erland said it had only been there deposited for ten days, but that if it was in the water for a month it would be much better. After we had taken as much as we required, the little vessel was again deposited in its hiding-place; and I afterwards found that various other articles, such as meal, salt, butter, &c., were thus concealed in water-tight vessels in the lake; for although every thing left in the hut, which had neither lock

nor bolt, was perfectly safe from theft or injury, as no one ever frequented the place except a solitary deer-stalker like Erland himself, yet I can easily suppose that the edibles could not be safely left to the discretion of a hungry hunter. At all events, this mode of concealment secured a supply to Erland or his uncle, if through some unforeseen casualty, such as a continuance of thick weather, or illness, they should be unable to reach the low couutry, from which the Bönde was distant about fourteen English miles. It was seven o'clock when, with the last of our stock of provisions in our knapsacks, we left the old hut; I say old, for by a cipher and date carved upon a piece of timber therein, I found it to have been established twenty years. The Norwegians date every thing, both in and out of doors, a custom which often leads to interesting results. For instance, my friend Erland had a very grotesque-looking powder-horn, that on examination I found the date of its formation in quaint figures, and the initials of one of Erland's ancestors in equally quaint characters—it was two hundred and twenty years old; and Erland assured me that he believed this to be its true age. What shedding of reindeer blood has that little horn witnessed! what storms of flood and field has that little relic braved in the service of its various masters!

I mentioned having given my knee a slight sprain yesterday, but I felt nothing amiss with it this morning, at least to speak of, and we had it in contemplation to take a longer walk than usual this day. However, I had not walked above two hours, at a rather quick pace, when I found my knee begin to feel a little troublesome; and after a little time I was obliged to proceed more leisurely, and then still slower, until at length I was obliged to make frequent stops, and finally, I became as much disabled as if my leg was broken. I had hitherto kept going forward as long as I could do so, and the consequence was, that I was now more than nine miles from the Bönde, and about the same distance from the "Sœtter" of Goresbu, where we intended to finish our day's work. My situation was more than disagreeable. At a very great elevation on the mountains, surrounded on all sides by fields of snow, the cold was intense, as we were unable to keep up the degree of exercise which would prevent our suffering from it; and sometimes half smothered in the thick showers of snow, the wind, which was blowing furiously, cut us to the bone. I was nearly dead from cold; and my companion, 'spite his overall jacket, quite as badly off, as he could not of course mend his pace without deserting me. With my rifle reversed, and used as a crutch,

I hobbled on slowly and painfully, and as we had several times during the day crossed the fresh spöhr of many reindeer, it was with great reluctance felt by all parties, Victor included, that we took the most direct line for the Sœtter, and turned our backs on the prey. Our way of course now lay all down hill, and with a steep descent; and as I could not bend my knee joint without the greatest pain, I endeavoured to hold my leg perfectly stiff and straight, as this was my only chance of getting forward. The longest day will have an end, saith the proverb. We arrived at the Sœtter of Goresbu a little before sunset, where every comfort awaited me. Food, fire, and medicine (the latter consisted of turpentine lineament), were meted out with a kind-heartedness which is the peculiar characteristic of the Norwegian peasantry. Indeed I could not help feeling distressed at the trouble they took to make me comfortable, heaping quantities of good things on the table, half of which I could not taste. Large dishes of sweet and thick cream, standing up like blancmange; snowy mountains of sweet curds, with a dozen different kinds of bread; grout made with fluichta or rich cream, and ditto without; cheese, the real "gammel öst," butter and coffee, the latter most exquisite, although toasted in a frying-pan, and ground with a round stone in the hollow

of another. A right comfortable bed crowned the whole, and when I awoke the next morning—

Friday, August 23rd,—I was much recovered, but so totally unequal to attempt the Field, that I determined to return to Lesjovœrk, and keep perfectly quiet for two or three days, after which I hoped to be again able to keep pace with Erland. The early morning was wet; but the weather clearing up at ten o'clock, I procured a horse, and with a piece of deerskin for a saddle, I commenced my journey to my head-quarters in the lowlands. Erland went off to the Bönde, to take the horse, and bring home the carcase we had buried at Farbugten on Wednesday, and he did not expect to reach Lesjovœrk before Saturday evening. As for myself, I had a painful journey homewards, of four hours and a half, when to my great surprise I found that Benjamin, tired of inglorious ease, and not finding himself well enough to attempt the Field, had betaken himself to the ship. After revelling in the luxuries of soap and water, and the delights of a sharp razor, so long neglected, I found myself reclined on a sofa near the stove, in the handsome sitting-room at Lesjovœrk: I began to forget all my hardships, and to wish myself once more on the mountains.

Saturday, August 24th.—Laying all day on

the sofa endeavouring to get well, and writing up my journal, now considerably in arrear. At five o'clock in the evening Erland made his appearance, and with him my deer. He had shot another on his way through the mountains, which lay buried there still. My first care was, to settle with Pere to take the venison to the ship, a present to the crew. He started on his errand to Veblungsness some time during the night. I also held a council with Erland, and decided on attempting the Field again on Monday morning.

Sunday, August 25th.—I was in hope of seeing, I shan't say hearing, divine service this day in the little church hard by; but I was disappointed, as there was no service. In the evening Erland made his bow ready for the Field to-morrow.

Monday, August 26th.—I was up at five o'clock; and as from my lameness I was unable to walk any considerable distance, I took a horse from my host, which, of course, I was to abandon on my near approach to the deer, and resume again after our hunt was over for the day. As we did not calculate on returning to Lesjovœrk for two days at least, we took a good store of provisions, and at seven o'clock Erland and I were fairly on our way to the mountains. The weather was uncommonly fine, but as usual we left it behind us in the valley, for we had scarcely got on the

Field, when "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream," the atmosphere becoming thick and hazy, with occasional large drops of rain. We had not proceeded far when Victor put his nose to the ground, and showing very decided symptoms of a disposition to go right off, his master with difficulty secured him in the leash, and shortly discovered the fresh spöhr of one or more deer. I was far too lame to abandon my steed so early in the chase, and as the Field was tolerably favourable, I continued to urge my little horse close on Erland's footsteps; but after proceeding for about half an hour, and perished with cold, our course also becoming too difficult for the horse, I gladly adopted Erland's advice, to bring him no farther. We as usual piled our saddle and baggage, and having covered them with a skin, we hobbled the horse and turned him to graze. Erland now went forward at a round pace, which made it difficult for me to keep up with him; however, luckily for me, as we met the spöhr in a place we could never have expected, so we now came up with our game in about an hour from the time we had left our horse. Erland was, of course, the first to see them: creeping up behind a little hill he discovered four, feeding close to the shore of a little lake. Erland led the attack, and as the ground

was favourable, we were shortly near enough to one, at which I fired, when three dashed out of sight, and the one I fired at plunged into the lake. Erland was in an instant off in pursuit; and reaching the shore, he rested his rifle on a rock and fired, apparently without effect. He quickly loaded again, and before I could limp to the shore, a second shot decided the matter; the water was not deep; he rushed in and hauled out the deer. It was a doe. My shot proved not to have been a very bad one, as it took effect on the lower end of the shoulder bone, breaking the joint; and even, if no other shot were fired, I should have secured her with the aid of the hound. Erland's shots were both good, the first ball going through both jaws, and his second entering the skull, just under the antlers, one of which it broke right off. The rain which had been threatening hard all the morning, now began to come down in torrents; we had a disagreeable task before us, but as there was nothing to be gained by delay, we went at it with a will, and commenced flaying and cleaning in the usual way; this took us a good deal of time; and as I was totally unable to walk, even to where we left the horse, we were, of course, compelled to bury the skin and carcase. We were both by this time thoroughly drenched; and if it were not for the

great excitement attendant on our sport, I should have felt extremely miserable. Erland went off for the horse, and we both took the straightest line for the Goresbu Sœtter, where we arrived at six o'clock, as perfectly saturated as if we swam the whole way. Immediately we arrived, as on my former visit, every kindness was shown to us both; but to get dry was my first object; and as the house was full of young ladies, visitors from the neighbouring sœtters, I could not divest myself of any of my wet clothes, save my jacket and waistcoat; but turning myself like a piece of meat, opposite a blazing fine fire, I was perfectly dry in little more than two hours. I did not anticipate being able to dry my clothes before going to my bed, but the laughing and chatting of the ladies with Erland and myself, made the time fly faster than I could have supposed. The ladies were, of course, in luck to have seen an Englishman: they examined my dress, and taking off my rings, they all tried them on in turn, laughing heartily at finding them to fit no finger so well as the fourth finger of the left hand. They next turned up my shirt sleeves to look at my arm, which they pronounced to be *recte pant*, or very beautiful. Erland's gallantry prompted him to leave them across the lake in a boat on their way home. I

betook myself to my bed at an early hour, and I was soon alike oblivious of deer and deer-stalking.

Tuesday, August 27th.—I was up and dressed at five o'clock, and nothing could be more dismal than the appearance of the weather: the mountains on all sides were enveloped in heavy masses of scud, and both rain and sleet were falling at the Sœtter; so that taking my disabled state into consideration, and the probability of its continuance, I made up my mind to relinquish the Field altogether, and to return to the ship. In this resolution I was also strengthened by Erland, who as clearly as myself saw the hopelessness of my being able to pursue our sport with any prospect of success, our good fortune of yesterday being a piece of luck not to be reasonably calculated on as likely to occur again for perhaps the remainder of the season. We waited patiently within doors until nine o'clock, when the rain clearing off I mounted my horse, this day awfully lame from bad shoeing, and preceded by Erland on foot, we took the shortest route to Lesjovœrk, where I arrived at midday. I commenced to pack up my guns and fishing-rods, and Erland went off to bring home the deer we had shot yesterday, with which he returned during the night.

Wednesday, August 28th.—Erland came to my bed-room this morning at six o'clock; he was in

full dress for his journey with me to the ship, but he said that after walking all night through the mountains he was unable to find his horse, and he feared the wolves had eaten him, and he supposed some one else should take me to Veblungsness. This alternative I would not agree to, and giving him the telescope, I again sent him off to continue the search, and at one o'clock had the satisfaction to see him return mounted on the truant steed. It was an hour later when I took leave of my host and hostess at Lesjovœrk, and stepping into an old-fashioned gig of capacious dimensions, piled with luggage and encumbered, if not embellished, with a large assortment of reindeer horns, and with Erland at my side, we bade a final adieu to the wild sports of the Dovrefield. As the road was in good order, and not very hilly, we easily reached the second post-station of Nystuen at six o'clock in the evening, where we dined and slept, and were in all respects most comfortable.

Thursday, August 29th.—We were up at four o'clock, and on the road at five o'clock, and at a little before nine o'clock we pulled up at the station-house of Fladmark. As it was necessary to give our horse some hours' rest, I determined to have a throw over some of the salmon in the Raumsdahl, which runs close to the road side; accordingly, having eaten our breakfast and put

one of my rods together, I went down to the river, but did not succeed in moving a single fish. This result I rather expected, as there was now too little water in the river for "fresh" fish to come up, and I was well aware of the difficulty of enticing the "old" ones. I soon gave up the trial, and putting up the trout flies, and caught but two small fish, when I returned to the station. I was again on the road at two o'clock, and in topping the hill over Veblungsness, I found my friend Ben with the entire ship's company, the cook excepted, in the middle of a game at cricket; after mutual salutations I left them to finish their sport, and got on board before seven o'clock, and Ben and his party tumbled in soon after. During dinner I had a long account from Benjamin of his doings since he left the Gäärde of Lesjovœrk, and amongst other things a history of a wonderful feat performed by him, accompanied by two volunteers from the crew, Donald Manson and Hugh Brown. There was close to the vessel a high and steep mountain, the side of which next the sea was so steep as to be inaccessible; its top was capped with snow; and it transpired that a party consisting of four or five of the crew of the "Coral Queen" had essayed to get to its summit the day before they left; however, they failed in their attempt, getting but half-way up, where

they built a pile of stones to mark the limit of their enterprise. Benjamin determined to have a trial for the honour of old Ireland, and with his two men and a small stock of provisions started from the vessel, when after some hours of severe toil they did reach the highest point of the mountain, which was found by Captain Trout's accurate measurement to be 3,972 feet above the level of the sea at its actual base. They here found a bottle containing a paper, bearing the names of three or four persons who had made the achievement, and adding their own names with that of the vessel, placed the memorandum in another bottle brought for the purpose, and waving a handkerchief as a signal, they were seen from the vessel, and a gun fired in answer to their signal. They found the weather at this great elevation any thing but pleasant, being piercingly cold, with showers of hail and snow, so that they only delayed to refresh a little when they commenced their descent, and arrived safely at the ship, not a little proud of their performance. Erland was highly delighted with the ship, the first he had ever been on board, and the only drawback to his pleasure was the fear that he would not recollect all the wonders he beheld.

Friday, August 30*th.*—Erland, who had slept at the house of a friend on shore, was early on

board this morning, scrutinizing every thing and declaring that he was not now sorry for the loss of two or three days' deer-hunting, as he could have that at any time, but might never again have such an opportunity of seeing an English "Lust Schippe." In the afternoon Ben and his party went ashore to cricket. I brought Erland to see the game, which he quickly understood, and was greatly pleased, although he said he would prefer being after the deer. In the evening there was a jollification in the galley, dancing and singing. I heard Erland more than once begin one of his hunting songs, which he used to sing delightfully on our march in the mornings to the Field, but he now broke down in every attempt, and he told me afterwards that "sin hierte var slem," or in English, that he was bashful or in low spirits amongst so many strangers.

Saturday, August 31st.—Erland came into my cabin at eight o'clock to say farewell; he seemed very sorrowful, and hoped I would come again next year. I heard afterwards that when leaving the vessel he exhibited a good deal of nervousness; in fact, was greatly affected. A nicer or better fellow I never met, nor one more considerate of my infirmities on the Field, particularly after I got so disabled from the hurt of my knee. At nine o'clock, A.M., with a light wind and fair,

we quickly glided down the Fiord from Veblungsness; but after we had left it about six miles, the wind dropped, and we remained the entire day and the greater portion of the night drifting about with tide.

Sunday, September 1st.—At two o'clock, A.M., the breeze freshened and brought us some miles down the Fiord; but when I came on deck at nine o'clock, I found we were lying all becalmed off Molde; however, the lapse of two hours the wind again got up a little fresh, and we turned to windward inside the "Raumsdal Orne," and at seven o'clock, P.M., brought up in the harbour of "Olesund" in seven fathoms. We were scarcely in when the breeze again died away, and afterwards shifted to the southward with heavy rain, which continued during the night.

Monday, September 2nd.—The morning set in with rain, and the wind at south-west, so that we could not leave with any prospect of making a passage through the Breed Sund; we therefore remained snugly at our moorings the entire day, until nine o'clock, P.M., when the wind suddenly shifted to north-east, and presently we got under weigh, and stood to sea in company with nearly every vessel which half an hour previous were lying in the harbour. We cleared the little port of Olesund under all sail at eight o'clock, P.M.,

and on getting through the Breed Sund, the wind freshened and continued to blow hard, but right after us all the night.

Tuesday, September 3rd,—Set in with the wind strong and steady at north by east; and the old ship dashed along in a cloud of white foam, giving her bowsprit an occasional dip into the crest of the high seas, which rolled lazily on before us. The wind continued very fresh during the day; and as we entered the north Bergen channel, we passed several vessels laying to anchor awaiting a shift of wind, or more moderate weather. At half-past six o'clock, P.M., we dropped anchor in Bergen roads, after a splendid run from Olesund of one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-three and a half hours, with a strong current against us the entire way. We immediately went off to the consul, and got letters which had been awaiting our arrival.

Wednesday, September 4th.—Went into the town to see my acquaintances of a previous visit, and made some purchases, after which I took Ben a ramble through the city, and we returned on board at three o'clock. This day we had at dinner Mr. Johan Muller and his brother-in-law, Mr. Brūūn, and passed a most agreeable evening, as the latter was a person of great information, having travelled for some years in France, Spain,

and Italy. The wind, which had been half a gale since our arrival, moderated during the night.

Thursday, September 5th,—Set in with clear weather, and moderate. Several of the citizens came on board this forenoon to see the yacht. Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Mr. Gregg, dined on board this evening.

Friday, September 6th.—Fine clear weather, with the wind at north-east. James, with the captain and the boy Bill, went ashore at nine o'clock to see the museum; and in the evening James accompanied me to the assembly-rooms, where there were some paintings by Professor Dahl on exhibition for charitable purposes. Amongst the landscapes were some pretty subjects from Norwegian scenery, and there was also a reindeer, painted by a son of the professor. This picture was painted on the road between Christiana and Bergen; it was a very creditable production for the youthful artist.

Saturday, September 7th.—Mr. Brūūn was on board to breakfast at six o'clock, A.M., when he took me in his gig to the mountains, about two Norske miles from Bergen, where we expected to find Rhypur. We were accompanied by a Mr. Kierschow, son to the bishop of Bergen, who also brought with him a very tolerable setter dog; but after a hot walk of four or five hours without

seeing a bird, we returned to the place where we had left our vehicles, and after a very substantial luncheon, I arrived on board at four o'clock in the evening. Our drive was delightful: the road winding through the mountains and round the shore of a pretty and romantic lake. Mr. Brūūn told me there were trout in abundance in its waters, but that people did not like to fish for them; and the reason was, that from a lofty cliff on the opposite shore the most despondent of Bergen's inhabitants are wont to take leave of their worldly troubles by a leap into the dark pool below. At seven o'clock, P.M., Mr. Brūūn and Mr. Kierschow came on board to dinner.

Sunday, September 8th.—Prayers in the cabin at eleven o'clock, A.M. In the afternoon Mr. Gregg, the consul, came on board, and accompanied us to the Art-Union hall, where we saw some pretty paintings by native artists, particularly three heads and two landscapes, by a very young lad, the son of a peasant; they were the best in the room. Ben and I subscribed for two tickets for the lottery, which was to come off the next day, and after a stroll through the city, we returned on board to dinner. In the evening we went to the public gardens, but there was no band, and no audience; the season for tea and coffee "al fresco" was some weeks past.

Monday, September 9th.—This morning Mr. Kierschow brought me his dog; and after breakfast, accompanied by Mr. Brūūn, I left in the gig for an island in the Fiord, about seven miles north of Bergen, where I heard there were uhr-fugle to be met with in great abundance. We arrived at a place called the "Hope," in a little more than an hour, and immediately proceeded to the habitation of the proprietor, who was also the lord of the neighbouring forests. He was a retired captain of the merchant service, who, after realizing a competence, had purchased this harbour of refuge for his declining years. We found him to be like most men of his calling, a frank, good-humoured man, with much information, and speaking English right well. He accompanied us to the woods, where I was much disappointed to find that the dog "Jack" would not hunt for game, whether owing to his master's absence or his own stupidity I did not discover, and after walking through the sultry forest for three hours, we returned with empty game bags; and, as if to increase our mortification, a young lad came running in to tell us he had just flushed some birds on the very path by which we went through the wood. I would willingly have returned, if I could have induced my canine friend "Jack" to accompany me, but failing therein, I abandoned the enter-

prise. I was most anxious to get some of those birds for stuffing, although I believe there is little difference between the uhr-hane of Norway and the black cock of Scotland. The captain would not hear of our leaving without partaking of his hospitality, and while we awaited the completion of the culinary operations, we were entertained by his niece, a very pretty and agreeable person, who played and sang most pleasingly. Indeed I was, I suppose, saved from falling in love, by the timely intimation that the fair one was in a few days to be married to her cousin, who was the captain of a ship hourly expected from Rotterdam. At length the repast appeared, borne in by the fair hands of our comely hostess and her pretty niece. The viands consisted of roast beef (I suppose in compliment to the Englishman), with various other good and queer things, of names unknown to me. Then came the second course, and lo! a large wooden cooler, of the size used in English dairies, was laid on the table; it was nearly full of thick milk, with a coating of old cream on the top. The company sitting round, each sprinkled a part of the rich surface with powdered bread and sugar, and then eat off the cream, leaving the thick milk untouched. As for myself, I took some of the cream on my plate, and adding the powdered sugar, eat it very much to my own

satisfaction, and the amusement of my entertainers, who were no doubt a little astonished at my barbarous habits. The usual "*tak fra mad*," or thanks for our meal, and the party left the table, the men taking pipes or cigars as their fancy led them, after which we had coffee, and then "farvel." A fair wind filled the little lugsail of the gig; we had a quick passage back to Bergen, reaching the vessel at seven o'clock, P.M. Thus ended our expedition to the "Hope," which in this, as in other instances, told a "flattering tale." We this evening got letters from Ireland, of the 27th ultimo.

Tuesday, September 10th.—Having settled some trifling business on shore, paid parting visits to our friends, and ascertained that our tickets for the Art-Union lottery were drawn blank, we got the pilot on board at eleven o'clock, and at noon weighed and stood out of Bergen harbour, with a light breeze at north; and having got clear of the shipping, I gave the garrison a salute of four guns, which made the mountains echo, and which was immediately returned by two guns from the batteries on the east side of the town. The wind now freshened, and we ran swiftly down the south channel, and discharged the pilot at five o'clock, P.M, and having got the boats on board and stowed away, took the topsail in,

housed topmast, and stood out to sea, at west by compass, with a strong breeze and not much swell. At ten o'clock, P.M., the wind began to drop off, and we had light airs during the night.

Wednesday, September 11th.—The calm continued until ten o'clock, A.M., this morning, when a light breeze sprung up at south, so that we slipped away on our course with all sail and smooth water until four o'clock, P.M., when the wind came on to blow strong, with a nasty head sea: took in topsail and housed topmast, and in another hour the wind became puffy and variable, as well as much stronger, with a worse sea. At ten o'clock, P.M., took three reefs in the mainsail, reefed bowsprit, and set fourth gib; the night continued stormy, and the heavy head sea hammered at our bows until

Thursday morning, September 12th,—When both wind and sea hauled round a good deal in our favour, and the vessel went along much easier. At noon hauled in the log, and found we were slashing away at six and a half knots, under close-reefed mainsail and storm gib. Little Bill was carried on deck nearly dead from sea sickness, which however yielded to small doses of brandy and water, carefully administered by his ally Benjamin. Hauled in the log at four o'clock, P.M., when it gave us a rate of seven knots an hour for

the last four hours, and at half-past six o'clock made the Noss Head lighthouse, on the Scottish land, and shortly afterwards we made the Skerries lights. The weather now became much more moderate; we shook two reefs out of the mainsail, and bore away two points for Duncansby Head, entering the Sound of Stroma, in the Pentland Frith, at fifty minutes past eight, when we set the small gaff topsail, and cleared the Sound at half-past nine o'clock, with a light breeze and smooth water, having run the distance from land to land, two hundred and fifty miles by patent log, in fifty-one hours and fifty minutes.

Friday, September 13th,—Set in with a light air at east; shook the remaining reef out of the mainsail, and set squaresail, but at eight o'clock, A.M., were nearly becalmed off Loch Eribol, and in the middle of a fleet of merchantmen in the same predicament. At eleven o'clock a light breeze sprung up, and we sailed out of the fleet, but at noon we were enveloped in a thick fog, which continued until six o'clock, P.M., when it cleared a little, and we found ourselves off Cape Wrath, as from the lightness of the wind, we had done little more than stem the tide during the day; however, when, with the breeze a little stronger, the fog did go off, we rounded the dreaded cape, in smooth water—this being my

second time to pass this stormy place under such favourable circumstances. At twelve o'clock, P.M., we were again lying motionless on the water, without a breath of wind.

Saturday, September 14th.—Set in calm and bright, and the morning found us but little advanced from our position of last evening. The calm continued the entire day, and the fishing lines were plied busily, but our trouble was only rewarded by a few dog-fish, one of which I gaffed as he came to the surface in company with some of his brethren who were hooked. One cod-fish also fell to our lot, but so completely out of season as to be useless. At half-past two o'clock the breeze got up a little, and having set the square sail, we glided smoothly on our course for the Sound of Skye. We have undergone strange vicissitudes of climate since our departure from fatherland: only two days since in cold and gloomy storm buffeting an angry sea; yesterday and this day revelling in the most lovely summer weather—a summer sun and a summer sea. Benjamin's usual ejaculation breaks forth again, "telle est la vie." At three o'clock the taking a few gurnet brought all the lines in the ship into requisition, and the fish are caught in great numbers. Such hauling in! Ben and I leave the deck reluctantly for dinner at six o'clock. The evening

turns out dead calm, so much so, that we cannot take any fish, the lines are all hauled in and coiled away, and as it is Saturday night, with its usual allowance of grog, all hands are in the galley dancing to the dulcet strains of a tambourine and triangles, and singing, whistling and talking, as if there was never to be another breeze or more duty. Eleven o'clock, P.M., a light air at south south-west.

Sunday, September 15th,—Set in calm as its predecessor, and with a thick haze all around, we could only get occasional sights of the land. Several gurnet are hauled on board, and the sun is as hot as we can bear it. The thermometer is at 60 in the cabin. A light breeze sprung up at three o'clock, P.M., we set the squaresail and moved slowly up the Sound of Skye; and at nine o'clock, P.M., with a bright moon struggling through the haze, we are just creeping along.

Monday, September 16th.—After a calm night, during which we made nothing on our course; at three o'clock, A.M., a nice air sprung up at north-west, and we turned to windward up the sound until ten o'clock, A.M., when the calm again came on, and at noon we were lying motionless in the water. We saw, perhaps, over a hundred whales spouting and splashing about the sound in pursuit of small fish. Two very large finners

passed close to us, showing their huge backs above the surface. The sun is burning hot, and the weather clear. At three o'clock, P.M., saw a fishing smack standing towards us out of the sound, which, from her peculiar rig and build, we pronounced to belong to some place not very remote from the Hill of Howth, and such she turned out to be sure enough. Ben was in great glee at meeting his countrymen so far from home, and requested to be allowed to hail them himself, when the following dialogue ensued :—

Ben loquitur.—"Where are you from?"

Pat.—"From Dublin, yer honour; and we're bound to the nor'rd lookin' for herrins. Did yer honour see any herrins to the nor'rd?"

Ben.—"Arrah, no: how could we see them! Sure we're from Valparaiso with a cargo of cocoa nuts and hides. We sailed on Sunday week last, and we're bound for the Straits of Magellan. But is ould Dan O'Connell alive still?"

Pat.—"Oh no, yer honour; he's dead and buried this long time—long life to him. But where does your vessel belong to?"

Ben.—"To Dublin. Was there ever a regatta there this year?"

Pat.—"Oh, then, sure there's always a regatta in Kingstown, bekase the gintlemin have nothing else to do."

Ben.—"But may I make so bold to be after asking the name of your vessel."

Pat.—"The 'Happy Return.'"

Ben.—"A pleasant voyage and a happy return to you, old boy."

Pat.—"I thank yer honour, but I wish I could swap vessels with you."

Ben.—"Oh, then sure, maybe we might do that same over a tumbler of raal whiskey punch, when we meet again in Kingstown Harbour," and our good-humoured countryman slipped away out of speaking distance.

At three o'clock, P.M., a very large whale of the finners species passed by us, blowing and spouting. Ben says he must have a cold in his head, but would require a mighty large pocket handkerchief entirely. At five o'clock, P.M., a nice breeze got up, and brought us through the north "Narrows" of Skye, at Castle Moil, but it soon after died away, and we brought up to an anchor at the Caillach Stone for the night.

Tuesday morning, September 17th.—We weighed at four o'clock with a light air, and passed the southern Narrows, when it again fell calm, and remained so until nine o'clock, A.M., when the breeze got up strong at south-west by south, and we turned to windward down the sound. As it approached noon, the wind increased so much that

we took in the gaff topsail and housed topmast. At one o'clock, P.M., passed a schooner yacht, laying to an anchor off Armidall; she showed the Burgee of the Royal Northern Yacht Club of Scotland. We turned up inside the Boaskadill rock, and dropped anchor in Tobermory Roads, Isle of Mull, at ten o'clock, P.M., in seventeen fathoms.

Wednesday, September 18th,—Opened with nearly a gale of wind at south, making it useless to attempt a turn to windward through the sound. At noon the steamer, Marquess of Stafford, from Stornoway to Glasgow, put in here to take up passengers, and sailed again in half an hour. The gale continued until six o'clock, P.M., when rain came down in torrents, and continued all night.

Thursday, September 19th.—Set in with the wind strong at south and thick weather. Considering it highly imprudent to put to sea, we were obliged to submit to another day's detention at Tobermory. Lachlin M'Kinnon, the pilot, who had sailed with me two years since, paid a visit on board this morning.

Friday, September 20th.—Weighed at five o'clock, A.M., and stood out of Tobermory Roads, with the wind south by east, and fresh; we had consequently a dead turn to windward, as far as the Point of Duart, when the breeze died away

and left us nearly becalmed, but in the afternoon it came on again at south-east, and we passed the Mare Island at three o'clock, P.M., and at seven o'clock, P.M., brought for the tide in Whitefarland Roads in the Sound of Islay.

Saturday, September 21st.—Weighed at half-past five o'clock, A.M., and with the wind light at east, dropped down the sound at seven o'clock, A.M., the wind freshened with heavy rain, set the square sail and bowled away before a slashing breeze, and were off the Mull of Cantire at half-past ten o'clock, A.M., when the wind veering round a little to the westward, we were obliged to take in the squaresail, and at noon it was blowing strong with heavy rain, and the gaff topsail was taken in also. Passed a large ship going to the southward. At two o'clock, A.M., more wind, took two reefs in mainsail, and at three o'clock, P.M., were off Belfast with nearly a whole gale of wind, when we took two reefs in the foresail. At four o'clock, P.M., we were abreast the Copeland, with the wind dead on end, blowing very hard, with a heavy and distressing sea. At half-past six o'clock, off the South Rock, spoke the schooner yacht Magic, Lord Templeton, bound to the northward, and at eight o'clock, P.M., made the lights on the Calf of Man. The wind now became stronger and a worse sea, and

at nine o'clock, P.M., took a third reef in mainsail and shifted gibs. Tacked and reached the vessel in shore for St. John's light. The night continued hard all through, with the most trying sea we had experienced during our entire voyage.

Sunday, September 22nd. — Weather more moderate, and much less sea. Shook one reef out of the mainsail, and at ten o'clock, A.M., set third gib, and continued beating to windward down the coast. Eleven o'clock, A.M., off Clogher Head. At one o'clock, P.M., shook remaining reef from mainsail—breeze light. The breeze again came on fresh, and we are turning up fast inside the Rockabill. Three o'clock, P.M., inside Lambay, with a fresh breeze. At six o'clock, P.M., picked up our buoy in Kingstown Harbour, after a cruise of four months and four days; during which time, although we had a liberal allowance of rough weather, we had the good fortune to bring the old ship into her native harbour, where the greetings of those friends who auspiciously cheered us on our departure heartily welcomed our safe return. With a good vessel, a first-rate crew, and such an excellent companion as friend Ben, it is nothing wonderful to say that my voyage was one of uninterrupted enjoyment.

There were many long faces on board the "Caprice" the day Ben's hammock and chest

were swung into the cutter; and as the boat shoved off to take him on shore, the boy Bill touched his hat to me, saying, "Please, sir, three cheers for Mr. James." The anxious crew forward only waited my nod of assent, when the gallant fellows gave three such hearty cheers as were never before heard in Kingstown Harbour. The scene was too much for a sailor's heart; the men walked mournfully forward and went below. I was left alone on deck, and, as I with regret saw Ben step on shore, I could only console my solitude by saying, "*telle est la vie.*"

TABLE showing an Account of Salmon killed on the Namsen River, by Messrs. W. T. Potts and B. R. James, in July, 1850.

Where killed.	No. of Fish.	Weight.	Total No. of Fish.	Total Weight.	Where killed.	No. of Fish.	Weight.	Total No. of Fish.	Total Weight.
		lbs.		lbs.			lbs.		lbs.
At Berre,	1	24			Forward,			32	412
2nd July,	1	19			Shœkkam,	1	13		
	1	11			13th July,	1	14		
	1	28½				1	4		
	1	19½						3	31
	1	5			Moum,	1	16		
			6	107	15th July,	1	11		
Moum and	1	30				1	4		
Shœkkam,	1	24						3	31
3rd July,	1	22			Mediaa,	1	22		
	1	14			16th July,	1	16½		
	1	12				1	10		
	1	13				2	8		
	1	11				1	20		
	1	6				1	13½		
	3	12				4	13		
			11	144				11	103
Berre,					Fossland,	1	12½		
4th July,	–	–			18th July,	1	33		
								2	45½
Shœkkam,	1	18			Mediaa,	4	18		
5th July,	1	15			18th July,	1	14		
	1	15				1	13		
			3	48				6	45
Berre,	1	12			Moum,	1	19		
8th July,	1	9			19th July,	2	11		
			2	21				3	30
Shœkkam,	1	15			Moum,	1	25		
9th July,	1	13			20th July,	1	13		
	2	10				1	12		
			4	38		1	5		
Berre,								4	55
10th July,	1	15			Moum,	1	13		
			1	15	22nd July,	1	17		
Shœkkam,	1	13						2	30
11th July,	1	14			Moum,				
	2	8			24th July,	1	6		
			4	35				1	6
Berre,					Moum,				
12th July,	1	4	1	4	25th July,	2	12		
								2	12
Carry forward,			32	412					
Gross Total for W. T. Potts, . .								69	800½
„ B. R. James, . .								18	210
Gross Total for 2 Rods, . . .								87	1010½

Showing the heaviest fish killed on the Namson from 1841 to 1850.

1841, 1-48 lbs., Mediaa, W.H.S.
1841, 1-43 lbs., Fossland, B.P.
1842, 1-50 lbs., Mediaa, W.M.O.
1844, 1-46 lbs., Fossland, W.M.O.
1845, 1-46½ lbs., Fossland, W.M.O.
1846, 1-44 lbs., Mediaa, W.H.S.
1847, 1-46 lbs., Mediaa, W.H.S.
1848, 1-46 lbs., Fossland, W.M.O.
1849, 1-43 lbs., Mediaa, W.H.S.
1850, 1-42 lbs., Mediaa, W.H.S.

also I.B.P. 45 – 48 lbs – 49 lbs.

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